November 30, 1968: Litton Industries—Big Brother as a Holding Company; Pete Hamill Reports from Olympic Village; Pete Seeger on Woody Guthrie; Viewing the Beatles' Current Shuck; Living Theater by Steve Schneck. 75¢

Ramparts

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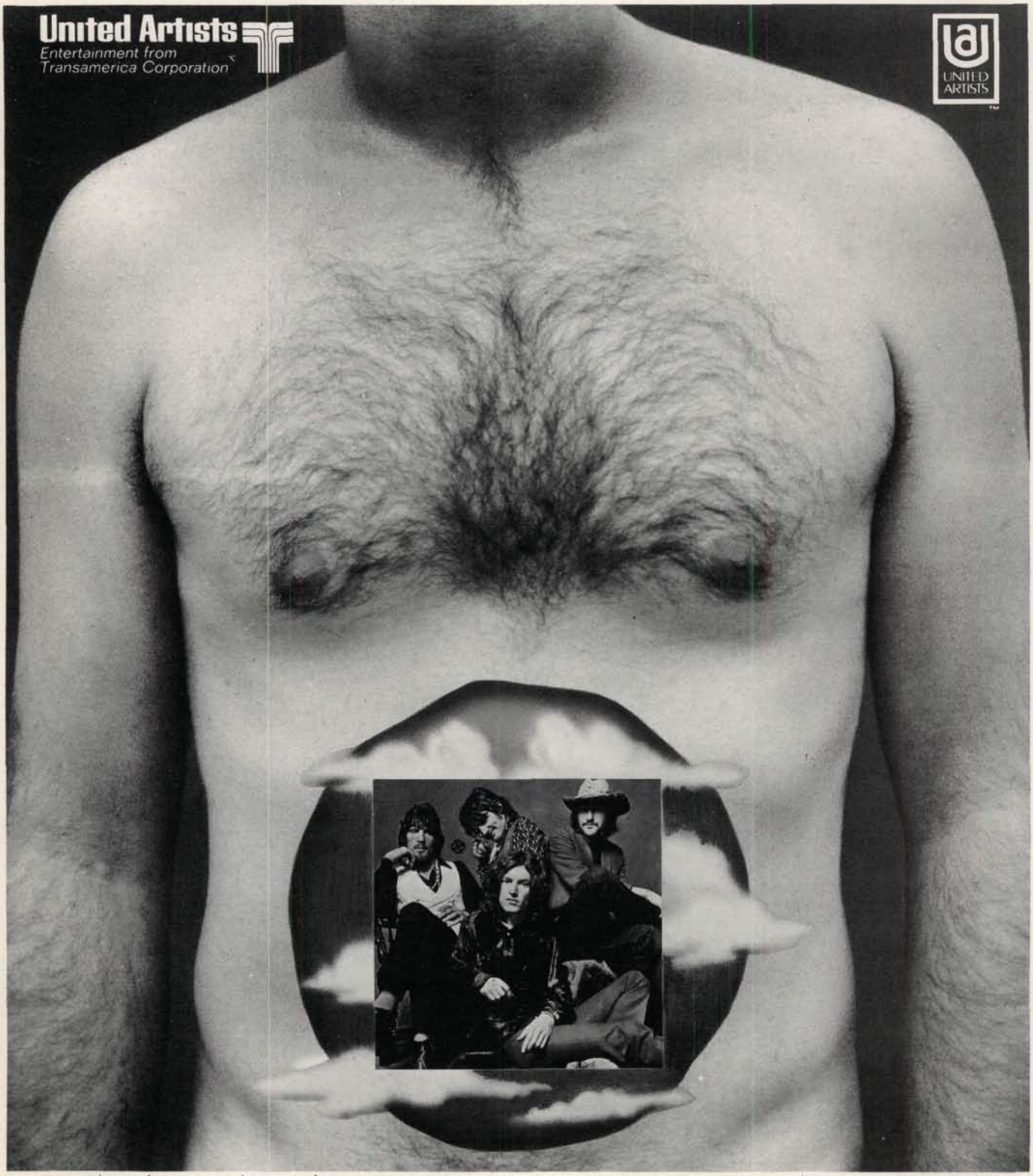
Woody Guthrie, Songwriter

A GUTS ALBUM NEW FROM TRAFFIC



An Island Records Production

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On November 27, 1968, Eldridge Cleaver will be thrown back in jail.

The California establishment has reacted to the widening attention this man has received: fifteen days ago a judge of the California State Court of Appeals ruled that Judge Sherwin's ruling in Solano County last June, reinstating Cleaver's parole, was neither valid nor in due process.

Mr. Cleaver, senior editor of *Ramparts* magazine and lecturer in the widely publicized course on Racism in America at UC Berkeley, has been told by the Adult Authority that he will be returned to jail within sixty days of the Appellate court's ruling (September 27, 1968).

The political nature of Eldridge's persecution is clear and can be seen as a blatant attempt to silence him. Judge Sherwin, in his opinion granting habeas corpus last June, wrote:

> The uncontradicted evidence presented to this court indicated that the petitioner had been a model parolee. The peril to his parole status stemmed from no failure of personal rehabilitation, *but from his undue eloquence in pursuing political goals* . . . Not only was there absence of cause for the cancellation of parole, it was the product of a type of pressure unbecoming, to say the least, to the law enforcement paraphernalia of this state.

We must not allow this important voice to be silenced. The issue here is not the defense of the particular ideas espoused by Eldridge Cleaver, but the defense of any man's right to express unpopular ideas and to act on them politically. We are asking you to put aside any political differences you may have with Eldridge and to act as you might have acted when Dreyfus, Eugene Debs, Daniel and Sinyavsky, Tom Mooney, or Sacco and Vanzetti were similarly persecuted for political reasons and framed by frightened authorities.

We have formed the International Committee to Defend Eldridge Cleaver to keep Eldridge out of jail and to raise money for his defense. You can help by reproducing this petition and circulating it in your community, where you are employed, or in whatever social or professional organizations you participate. You can also help by placing ads in your local newspapers, protesting the action of the California courts and demanding that Eldridge remain free. And, finally, you can send contributions to help pay for the legal defense of Cleaver and for the further publicizing of his case. These contributions are urgently needed. Mail petitions, copies of ads or statements, and contributions to:

International Committee to Defend Eldridge Cleaver
495 Beach Street
San Francisco, California 94133

Checks should be made payable to the International Committee to Defend Eldridge Cleaver.

PETITION

TO: GOVERNOR RONALD REAGAN
HENRY KERR, CHAIRMAN
CALIFORNIA ADULT AUTHORITY
MEMBERS, CALIFORNIA ADULT AUTHORITY

RE: THE REVOCATION OF ELDRIDGE CLEAVER'S PAROLE.

We, the undersigned, recognize that ELDRIDGE CLEAVER, Senior Editor of *Ramparts* magazine, Minister of Information of the Black Panther Party, Presidential Candidate on the Peace and Freedom Party ticket, and author of the book *Soul on Ice,* is a victim of political persecution.

We see Eldridge Cleaver as a creative figure of recognized brilliance, a political leader of recognized importance, and a valuable member of society.

We also see his political suppression and intellectual persecution as similar to the actions of frightened authorities against such figures as Dreyfus, Eugene Debs, Daniel and Sinyavsky, Tom Mooney, and Sacco and Vanzetti.

We therefore state that the imprisonment of Eldridge Cleaver before he has been tried will serve to further prejudice any jury hearing his case, and that the imprisonment of Eldridge Cleaver before he has been tried will violate the principle that an individual is innocent until proven otherwise.

We demand, then, the continuation of parole for Eldridge Cleaver and an end to the harassment and intimidation bestowed upon him daily by the authorities of the State of California in general, and the County of Alameda in particular.

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ICDEC 495 Beach St., San Francisco, California 94133

I would like to join the efforts of all those who are working to defend Eldridge Cleaver from political persecution.

Please add my name to the list of sponsors of the International Committee to Defend Eldridge Cleaver.

I enclose ..... to assist the legal expenses and the Committee's campaign to publicize and promote Eldridge Cleaver's defense.

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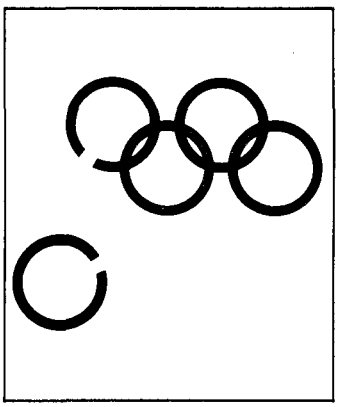
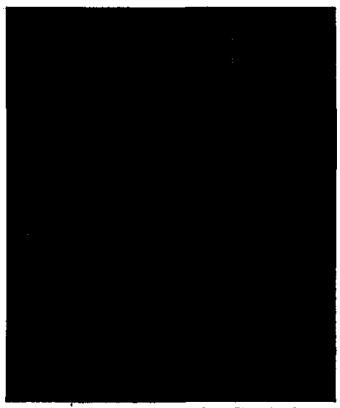
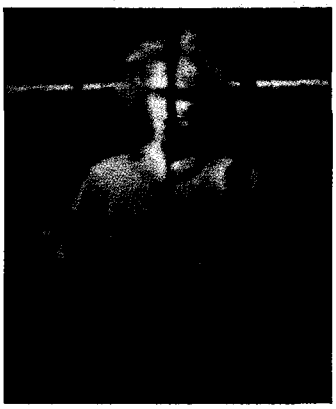
Leading Articles:



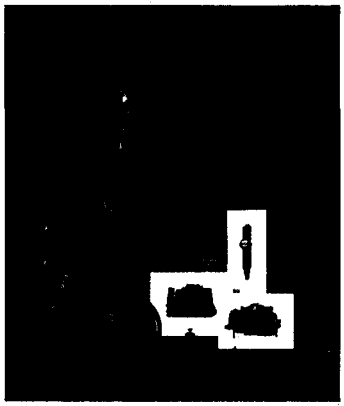
[Page 22] Olympics



[Page 28] Woody Guthrie



[Page 34] Living Theater



[Page 44] Big Brother

Apologia:

A LETTER FROM GALWAY: The great late John McNulty, who covered Third Avenue bars for the New Yorker, remarked upon preparing for a trip to Ireland that when he told people he was going to London or Germany or somewhere they said fine, but when they learned he was going to Ireland, they always smiled, and he couldn't figure out why.

There remains much to smile about in Ireland, but once again in this country there are stirrings of The Trouble, the phrase the old-timers use to refer to the period of that Camelot of horrors when the Irish fought and defeated the English, and then began to fight each other.

The Trouble now is no longer so singular as the blowing up of John Bull, though a major part of it is that the English have succeeded in maintaining Ireland in an almost infantile economic dependence that would make any liberal colonial status seem, in comparison, like something approaching free trade.

One late evening in the back room of Galway's Skeffington's Pub, an embittered forty-nine-year-old bachelor physician spoke over yet another pint of Guinness in terms of the gloomiest economic determinism about the fate of Ireland, about its young boys having to go off to England to dig postholes because industry-weak Ireland could not provide sufficient labor. He feared that Ireland's future was so hopelessly tied to England that it probably never should have bothered to break away in the first place.

Though seldom put in such a heretical form, this same feeling of dependence upon a former enemy is found—if not spoken, at least felt—throughout the country. Indeed, one of the most surprising things about Ireland is the absence of hatred; it seems, among many, to have been supplanted by an affection of sorts for the English who, in the simplest of historical terms, have been bloody bastards to the Irish.

Such Anglo-dependence is not prevalent, of course, in the various outposts of the Irish Republican Army which one infrequently and joyously encounters. In the West County Hotel, just outside of Dublin, former IRA Commander Pete Riley was relating, between stanzas of sad revolutionary ballads, how he and some compatriots had "mowed down" the English right there on the field as they played Rugby on a Sunday morning in 1918. "Lovely [pronounced luv-lay]," said Frank Coglan, the West County's proprietor, and everyone had another drink.

But the old IRA spirit is now more romantic than revolutionary, and the battle cry of regaining the "six counties to the North" is more a sentimental slogan in honor of those who died in the Dublin post office in 1916 than it is a program for eventual action.

Thus the great waves of Irish nationalism have nothing to pound against but their own shores, and Irish politics are taken up with inter-party bickering in which the difference between the two major parties, Fianna Fail and Fine Gael, is actually less than the difference between the Republicans and the Democrats, which is little enough.

Ireland's great fighting spirit seems, at the moment at least, on lend-lease to northern Ireland (Ulster), where the discriminated-against Catholic minority is waging a tough and quite brave fight for the basic rights of democratic citizenship.

The televised specter of Catholics singing "We shall overcome," while having their heads cracked open by brutal special guard police in the northern city of Derry, made headlines in the South, but disappointingly had less actual impact on public conversation than the betrothal of Jackie Kennedy to that countryman of Spiro Agnew, which event the Irish, of course, viewed with alarm. "From a saint to a whore over the weekend," said a shoplady in Waterford while tearing Jackie photos from her wall.

But while Jackie's motives have been relentlessly overexposed, The Trouble in the North has been both insufficiently and incorrectly reported, particularly in the American press.

The Los Angeles Times, for instance, went so far as to allow one of its writers, Bert Mann, who had been born and raised in Northern Ireland, to do an "interpretive" piece that explained away the strife in his homeland in the manner of a sophisticated Mississippian explaining trouble in the South, 1963. Mann pictured the controversy as the result of unfortunate Protestant-Catholic rivalry, aggravated in some MacLuhanesque manner by the televised coverage of American Civil Rights Movement tactics and the inevitable extremists on both sides.

But the Los Angeles Times' Ulsterman ignored the actual issue—the effective denial of suffrage to Catholics in northern Ireland, which is, for God's sake, a part of the United Kingdom, Magna Charta and all. Voting boundaries are shamelessly gerrymandered against Catholics, and, incredibly, the right to vote is tied to owning a house—and thus it is properly difficult for a Catholic to buy a house.

Northern Ireland also allows plural voting for the owners of businesses who, not surprisingly, are predominantly Protestant. Thus a Protestant businessman gets 6 to 18 or 20 votes against a single Catholic vote—if that Catholic has managed the difficult task of getting a house.

It was left to one of the heroes of a free Ireland to sum up all the charm and spirit and kindness—and trouble—of his people. "Well, that's the thing, you know," said Peadar O'Donnel, a great fighting Irishman of the early 1900's who is still barred from the U.S. because of his radical socialist views. Educator, novelist, union organizer and general gadfly, Peadar, now in his eighties, was having tea in the lobby of Dublin's Gresham Hotel. One of the wild men of the revolution, he surprisingly doesn't drink, and never did.

"The trouble with Ireland," Peadar said summarily, "is that it is a grand people with a great nationalism but without any sense of anti-imperialism." —W.H.

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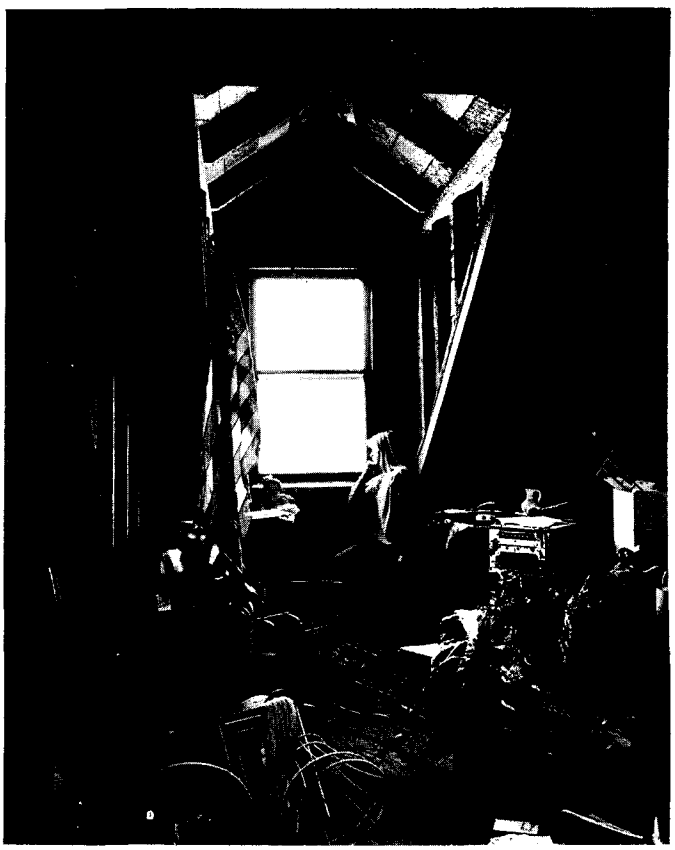

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The Other Week

including:

How a hippie community was crushed *(Page 10)*

A group of black militants challenges Walter Reuther's UAW at a major plant *(Page 12)*

Notes on the efficacy of the grape boycott *(Page 12)*

Israel's victory brings questions about a new Arab population and the future of the conquered territory *(Page 14)*

Military coups remove a vocal nationalist in Panama and an eager salesman in Peru *(Pages 16-18)*

The multiversity in the communist world *(Page 54)*

An American name in a Canadian scandal *(Page 54)*

An American's visit with NFL representatives *(Page 56)*

The resolution of the "gold crisis" *(Page 57)*

The CIA's rush to find a friendly publisher for Che's diaries, and how they found one *(Page 58)*

A Rampart's reporter witnesses a strange basketball game in Cuba *(Page 60)*

Reviews of Malraux, Moravia, Koningsberger and a book about Westmoreland *(Pages 61 et seq.)*

An examination of the Beatles' current shuck *(Page 65)*

A film about The Movement which may not be playing at your local theater *(Page 68)*

And other stories of interest.

LEADING ARTICLE

Report from Section 22

"THE UNTYPICAL EXHIBITIONISM of these athletes . . . violates the basic standards of sportsmanship which are highly regarded in the United States," said Bob Paul, press officer of the U.S. Olympic Committee. He was attempting to explain to newsmen why the committee had just suspended black sprinters Tommie Smith and John Carlos from the American team.

After rough going at the press conference, Paul walked over to an unfriendly reporter and asked to see his credentials. The credentials were from RAMPARTS. "You're on the niggers' side, aren't you?" Paul said.

Slips of the tongue were to be expected: the U.S. Olympic Committee was scared. On October 16, when Smith and Carlos stood on the victory platform after the 200 meter dash, their gold and bronze medals resting on their chests, their gloved fists raised defiantly and their heads bowed as America's national anthem was played, the U.S. Olympic Committee realized that it was no longer the sole spokesman for the International Olympic movement. For when the music stopped they looked up to the 80,000 people in the stadium and in unison slowly turned full circle, their fists still raised. There was a thin chorus of boos from the 200 American spectators, but as the large majority of Mexicans in the crowd realized what they were witnessing, they cheered and applauded.

When the Committee got around to suspending Smith and Carlos thirty hours afterwards, it was too late. They were already heroes—not for the American press, of course, but for the black and brown athletes from all over the world. Not even the elaborate public relations machinery at the disposal of Avery Brundage and his cohorts could change that. Mexican kids were chasing John Carlos all over town, begging for his autograph; the Jamaican team came to the American athletes' lodging to offer support and to ask what they could do

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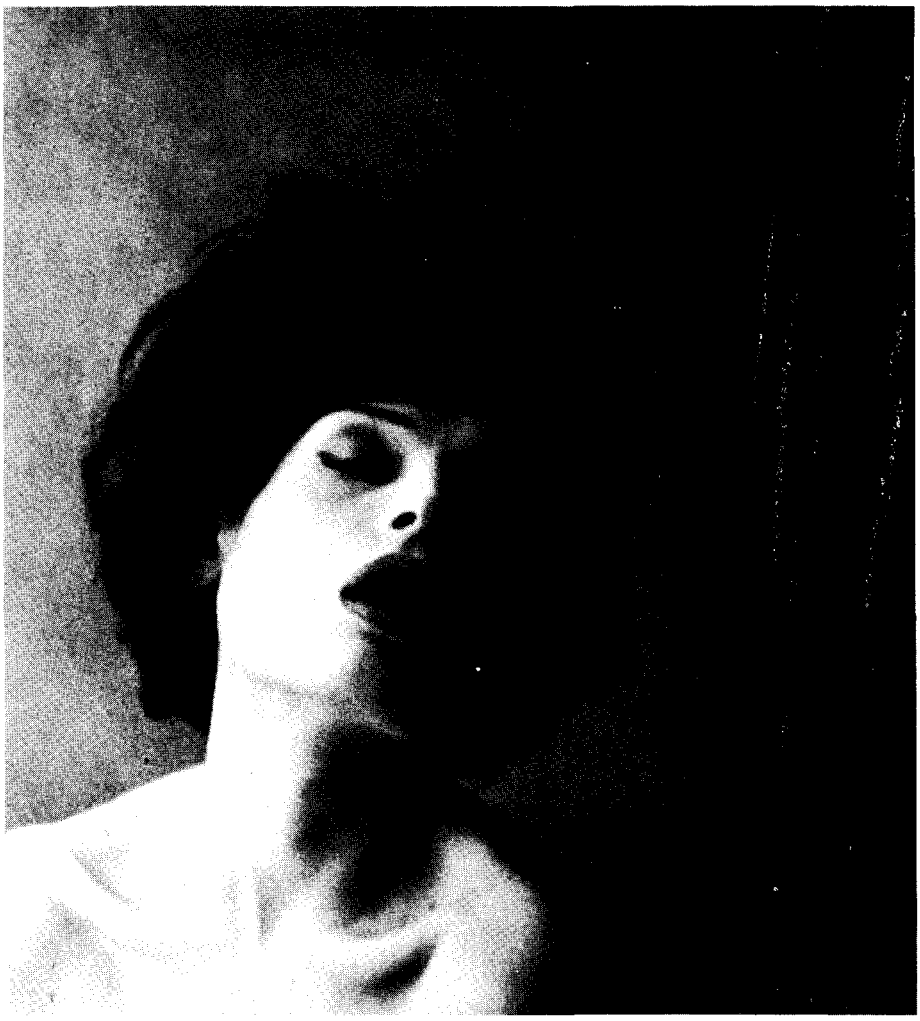

Satisfied

Pictured above is a subscriber to **Avant-Garde**, the new bimonthly magazine. The lady has just finished reading her latest issue and, as usual, she's satisfied.

Small wonder. Reading **Avant-Garde** is quite an experience. It is total immersion in sensual pleasure. A graphic arts freak-out. Rolling nude in the snow after a sauna. A first bite of cotton candy. Dalliance in a garden of earthly delights. Somersaulting down Main Street. Love on a mink blanket. A waft of frankincense and myrrh. The tinkling of wind chimes. A kiss in an elevator. An orgasm of the mind.

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Second, **Avant-Garde** devastates readers with its mind-blowing beauty. It brings to the printed page a transcendental new kind of high. This is achieved through a combination of pioneering printing methods and the inspiration of Lennart Anderssen, **Avant-Garde**'s Creative Director (who is, incidentally, the world's foremost graphic designer).

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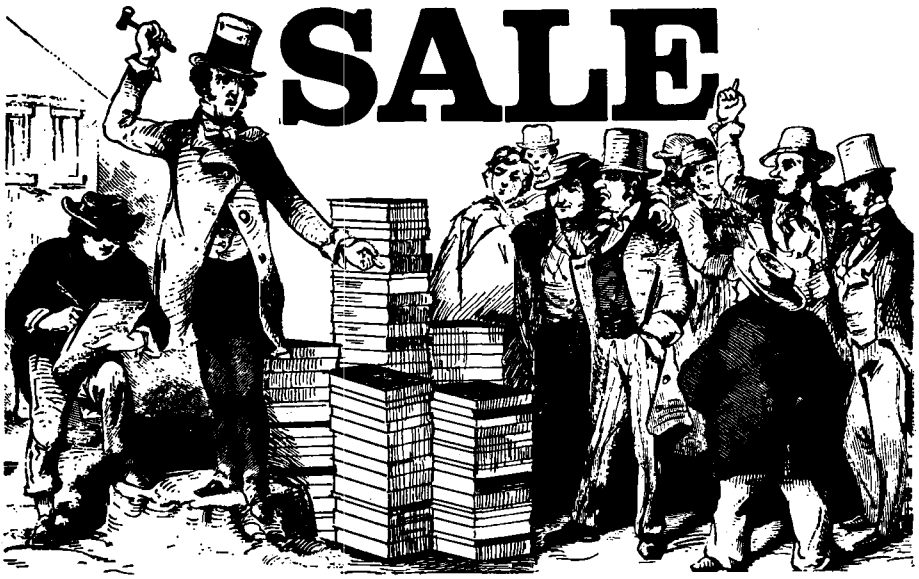

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to help. The Cubans came around to offer their congratulations and to extend an invitation to Smith and Carlos to visit their country (later, the superb Cuban 400 meter relay team sent its silver medal to Harry Edwards, who inspired black action against the Olympics earlier this spring).

A feeling of solidarity began to form at the XIX Olympiad among black athletes of the whole world. It was not anti-white, but anti-racist. "We're all related," said Kenyan Daniel Rudisha, "and we all have a cause to run for here."

There were plenty of white athletes, including many on the American team, who took Smith and Carlos' side in the affair. Hal Connolly and Ed Burke, hammer throwers on the U.S. team, both added their voices to those of the blacks on the team who threatened to withdraw from the Games after the suspension. Wearing the button of Harry Edwards' organization, the "Olympic Project for Human Rights" (which he had obtained from 400 meter champion Lee Evans), the spokesman for the West German 1600 meter relay team said as he accepted their bronze medal: "I am wearing this medal because I feel solidarity not only for them as persons, but for the movement, the human rights movement." Peter Norman, an Australian sprinter who shared the victory stand with Smith and Carlos, also wore one, and was reprimanded by the moguls on the Australian Olympic Committee.

The day after Smith and Carlos' demonstration, the black and brown athletes who were not competing crowded into Section 22 of the stadium, the focus of a great deal of activity for the remainder of the track and field events. Every time a black athlete won an event, Section 22 responded with a clenched fist salute, and the athlete on the field would return the gesture. "This fist," said Carlos, "signifies the coming together of people who've been apart for a long time." The Africans, like Kip Keino, winner at 1500 meters over America's white hope, Jim Ryun, answered Section 22 not with a fist but with one finger raised for "first." Madeline Manning, a young black girl from Cleveland, won the 800 meters, and Section 22 went wild. Two competitors from the Bahamas set up a rhythm on the conga drums, the Africans chanted in time with the music. John Carlos danced up and down the aisles. It was pure joy, and somehow each victory became a vindication of Smith and Carlos. When the last event with a black athlete in it was completed, Section 22 emptied out.

The U.S. Olympic Committee, ABC television and the American sportswriters are still toting up the United States' medals and comparing them to the Russians', as has been their custom since the Soviets first entered the Games in 1952 and brought them within the realm of the Cold War. But now, people were adding up new figures: black versus white. This year in men's track and field, the score was 12-9 in favor of the blacks. Admittedly, such figures, any figures, are not in harmony with the Olympic ideal, but these tactics were begun by men—and they were not black men — who have used the Games for their own political purposes for a long time now.

And even as Section 22 was basking in the performance of the black athletes, there were some in the management of the U.S. team keeping the statistics for themselves and making their own judgments. "As far as Carlos goes, I was hoping that he wouldn't even place," said Jim Bush, UCLA track coach and reputedly next in line for Payton Jordan's job as head coach of the American team. "They want everything, they want the world. They don't want the Olympics, they want everything given to them."

The blacks in the 1968 Olympic Games didn't need to have anything given to them. They took it.

—ROBIN COCHRAN AND JACK SCOTT

DOMESTIC NEWS

HIPPIES

Communing in Meadville

ONE DAY LAST JUNE, IN the sleepy town of Meadville, Pa. (pop. 16,671), a band of about 30 hippies hopped out of a rattly school bus and marched down the main streets, as if to announce, "Meadville, we are here."

To a reporter for The Meadville Tribune and a knot of onlookers, the hippies were, in fact, a little more explicit: they had just migrated from California to live on a 130-acre farm about eight miles outside Meadville.

At first, the farm at Harmonsburg was merely a curiosity. For Sunday diversion, local people would pack their kids into the family auto and drive to the "hippie farm" at the little community west of Meadville. Eventually the teenagers arrived and then returned home, talking of cosmic consciousness, the fascist-police state, Huey Newton and the religion of love versus the religion of fear and distrust.

Until the teenagers ventured out to the farm and a few stayed overnight, Meadville assumed a live-and-let-live attitude toward their new, non-conformist neighbors. Once the farm appeared to be converting youth to a different style of life ("undermining their morals") the community bristled and sought to drive the hippies out of the county.

The Harmonsburg farm belonged to a friend of the "family," William Close; when he offered the use of it to the commune, they accepted and headed east in a variety of rundown cars and buses which collapsed in unison on arrival—or at least within hitch-hiking distance. Once there, they managed to live for next to nothing, an achievement eyed with a mixture of jealousy and outrage by most of Crawford County's taxpaying, mortgage-paying citizens. But not all.

Some farmers who privately respected their pluck and attempted self-sufficiency dumped bags of surplus commodities on their porch—soybeans, potatoes, wheat—and taught them how to plant and raise their own. An evangelical minister, a believer in organic farming, brought them jars of honey.

The core of the hippie family which had migrated from the Santa Cruz commune had been together for a year and a half. In Harmonsburg, more joined, bringing the total by August to 36: 25 men, 11 women. In age, they ranged from 16 to 36. They came from middle class homes in every part of the country. Many had attended college and graduate school.

Organizationally, the family avoided rules and voted on very few matters. "If someone wants to do a chore, he does it. You can't force them to do anything." They shared clothes and other possessions.

One of the few issues the family did vote upon was to admit curious visitors and adventuresome teenagers. It turned out to be a crucial decision. Looking

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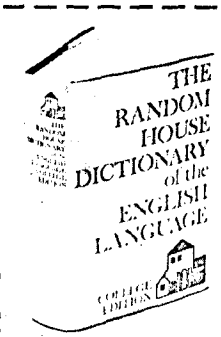

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back, George Hurd, a 29-year-old former graduate student in philosophy who served as the family's spokesman, observed that "it would have been unwise to have closed ourselves off from the townspeople. I lived in a commune out west where we attempted to keep our existence a secret. But soon fantastic rumors about our activities swept the area. That drove us out."

It happened anyway. One youth was admitted to the hospital with a case of what was later diagnosed as infectious hepatitis. The regional health officer went on the radio urging all residents to keep away from the hippie farm—and precipitated a hepatitis scare of bubonic plague proportions. As of late August, only four cases of hepatitis were reported in the county, compared with 15 for the previous year.

Nevertheless, storekeepers closed their doors to the hippies. Even after the hepatitis scare had passed in September, there was not a store in the Harmonsburg vicinity open to the hippies.

Incensed by the hippies, local citizens held a protest meeting at the Summit Township Fire Hall, outside which a sign welcomed "all citizens." Entrance, however, was denied to the 20 hippies who showed up. Only Hurd and a girl who acted as the family's secretary were let inside, and then given only a brief time to ask and answer questions. The family stood outside, observing the meeting through windows.

Not only idle curiosity seekers drove past the farm now, but also troublemakers of the backwoods, redneck description. On one occasion, a gang of youths tried to haul one of the girls of the family into their car. They scratched her face with a razor when she struggled and escaped.

Finally, around 9 a.m. on August 19, the long-expected happened. State police, arriving in a flotilla of cars, raided the sleeping farmhouse and packed the stunned occupants—36 adults, two teenage girls and two children—into a school bus and drove them off to Meadville. They were charged with maintaining a disorderly house—a 1860 statute. The other and only charge against the group was corrupting the morals of a 16-year-ol girl.

At a hearing in Meadville on September 6, the Commonwealth and the family reached an agreement. In return for the district attorney's dropping the charges, the family consented to abandon the farm and leave Crawford County within two weeks—not to return nor to assemble as a group for a period of a year. On September 20, the last of the family departed Crawford County, taking with them their dogs, cats, goats, guitars and knapsacks. A peace symbol, painted above the porch roof, and a tattered injunction order are the only reminders of their controversial summer. —ROBERT HOURIET

LABOR

The Dodge Rebellion

WALTER P. REUTHER HAS LED the United Automobile Workers (UAW) since the union was formed in 1946. Over a span of 22 years, he has enjoyed apparent popular support from his rank and file membership. Now, it suddenly seems that after all the years of internal peace, Reuther's rank and file is starting to erupt under him — and especially the rank and file who are black.

The Dodge Revolutionary Union Movement (DRUM) was formed late last spring at the Hamtramck Assembly Plant, also known as Dodge Main. The plant is located in the midst of a predominantly Polish community; and while 10,000-member Local 3 is more than 60 per cent black, the local has been run primarily in the interests of the remaining Poles and the community of Hamtramck.

All-black DRUM is attempting to show black workers how union contracts, grievance procedures, meetings and the whole organizational structure can be rigged to sell them out. The local leadership, in the meantime, plays on the initial reactions of white workers who call DRUM a group of "reverse racists" and harass its members on the job. After a summer wildcat strike, management fired seven black workers for their actions in the strike; the UAW won reestablishment for five, but refused to fight for the other two, who were DRUM leaders.

The most recent DRUM activity has been an attempt to elect a trustee to Local 3. The candidacy of Ron March was obviously a threat, and not only to the established union leadership; Hamtramck police cooperated cheerfully in the effort to suppress DRUM.

All candidates were permitted to put up posters and pass out leaflets in the plant—except DRUM's candidate. Some candidates had helpers, who drove workers to the polls at the local, and used "no standing" zones in which to drop off voters; only cars with DRUM posters got tickets, and the cops took as long as a half hour to write them—thus tying up a car that might have brought another DRUM vote.

Despite the harassment, however (and the confusion of no fewer than 28 candidates), Ron March led the balloting with 563 votes, 60 more than the candidate who came in second. When the polls had closed, about 50 DRUM supporters gathered, first in a parking lot and later at the local, to await the returns; police closed in on them at the union hall, beat and Maced them and arrested several.

A week later, March [illegible] short of a majority—faced the runn[illegible] a runoff election. There were [illegible] arrests on election day, but police occupied every parking lot in the area and swarmed over the neighborhood. March lost the runoff, but has collected statements from workers who said they were afraid to vote for him because of the police activity. DRUM plans to take the election to court.

"DRUM," says March, "has formulated its plans around three factors: black unity, black awareness and black identity. All the young blacks dig the program. It is real to them because of the intimidation by management and the pushing around of the workers by the supervisors that goes on all the time. Only the old guys can't accept the identity. This system has taught them to identify with whites and integration all their lives. . . . So they'll slip somebody in DRUM a $10 bill and never show their faces at election time."

The organizers of DRUM, inspired by Malcolm X and Frantz Fanon, nevertheless organize according to the specific realities of Hamtramck; and though they seek revolutionary change, they have no romantic vision of revolution around the corner. Only five months old, DRUM organizes in the plant rather than in black communities because they think that's where they can get power; dispersed through the black community they would have no leverage. "By winning the plant," March says, "we win the community."

Pentagon scabs

THE OAKLAND (CALIF.) Army Terminal, well known locally as the scene of many a peace protest, is once more a target for demonstrators. In recent weeks "huelgistas" and sympathetic anglos from the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee (UFWOC) have been chasing trucks, loaded with hot grapes headed for Vietnam, from the

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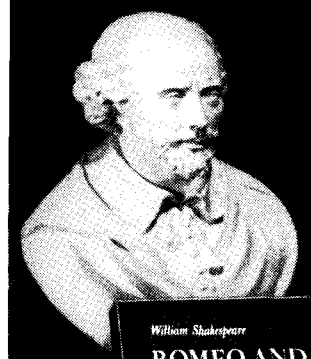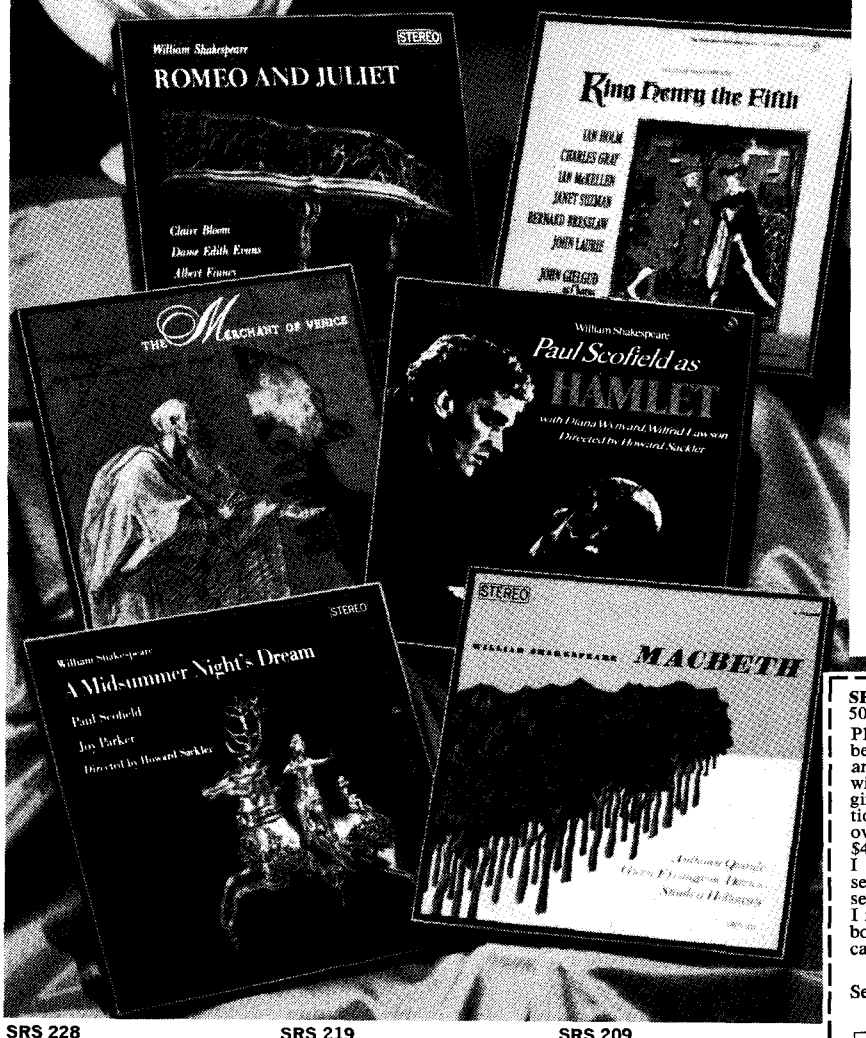

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piers. Despite an injunction restricting them to an area 25 yards away from the entrance to the pier, pickets have managed to dissuade a number of individual teamsters to stop their trucks before the grapes are unloaded.

This new tactic is only one small action in the farm workers' national boycott of California table grapes. UFWOC struck the fields of Giumarra Vineyards 15 months ago and began a boycott of the Giumarra label. Giumarra, the "G.M. of growers," responded by marketing their grapes under the labels of 100 different competitive growers. As a counter-measure, UFWOC boycotted all California grapes.

The farm workers contend that growers are receiving from 50 cents to $1.00 less per box than they have in the last two years. A box normally priced at from $3.50 to $4.00 is selling this season for from $2.50 to $3.50, according to Jim Drake, assistant to Cesar Chavez. Even The Los Angeles Times, not known for its sympathy to any labor cause, reports growers face an estimated loss of from $3 to $4 million on crops this year. "The growers," Jim Drake commented, "are able to get their shipments out but they have taken a beating in terms of their returns. You might say that scabby people are eating twice as many grapes, at double the cost."

One effect of the boycott has been a shift in the grape market from cities in the north and west to the non-labor South. Organized labor and religious groups have joined with the boycott committees in New York, Boston and Detroit, among other cities, to keep grapes off store shelves and to keep consumers from buying the grapes which remain in stores. Boston, which before the boycott was listed as the city fourth in sales of grapes in the nation, is now 11th in sales. On the other hand, Atlanta had one per cent of the national grape market before the boycott; now it has 2.3 per cent. Dallas, Texas, has risen from 24th in the sale of grapes to ninth.

UFWOC's action in Oakland is aimed at the U. S. Defense Department. The army has bought 23 million pounds of grapes for troop consumption, according to General Manse of the Procurement Office in Philadelphia. *El Macriado,* the official publication of UFWOC, reported in its September 15 issue that "grape exports to South Vietnam rose from $32,000 in value in 1965 to $214,000 in 1967, and an estimated $500,000 in 1968." The article further states that, "Vietnam is the third largest importer of California grapes."

The farm workers have two objectives in the grape boycott. They want to force the growers to bargain with them, so that they can set up contracts much as they have done in many of the wine grape vineyards. The more general purpose of the boycott relates to the farm workers' continued exclusion from provisions of the National Labor Relations Act. UFWOC wants to be included in federal labor legislation, which grower pressure has kept them out of until now. At present the union has no mechanism for forcing growers to bargain with them except the continued pressure of a boycott of grapes. Says Jim Drake, "The growers must bargain, or go under."

FOREIGN NEWS

A territorial imperative

WEEK AFTER WEEK THE Israeli papers report a lull in terrorist activities and a collapse of the terrorist organization. Then, just a few days later, another Israeli jeep will be blown up in the Gaza strip or another Claymore mine will explode in Tel Aviv or Jerusalem. The militant Arab organizations, far from having dissolved, have drawn themselves together in a united front, with the Palestine Liberation Army now giving financial subsidies to the terrorist Al Fatah, and the movement apparently receiving growing support from Arabs in the occupied areas. Meanwhile the only response of the Israeli government has been a series of "plans" for dealing with Israel's newly conquered lands.

The "Allon plan" would give the West Bank back to Jordan except for a chain of kibbutzim to be established along the river as a defensive outpost. Dayan's plan calls for the creation of military bases throughout the West Bank and for keeping the rest of the territory Israel has acquired in the war. There are plans for the creation of a separate Palestinian state on the West Bank, to be joined in some kind of "federation" with Israel. And finally, there is a plan for the annexation of all the conquered territories and their incorporation into the Israeli state, as the Arab sector of Jerusalem has already been incorporated. Predictably, none of these plans has aroused so much as a comment from any of the Arab governments.

Part of the cause for the plethora of plans lies in the fact that Israel never stated any war aims (beyond defense of the homeland) during the Six Days' War. In the third week of June the Israelis thus found themselves with more than a million additional Arab inhabitants, and no real idea of what to do with them. The occupation presented the Israelis, not only the Arabs, with a *fait accompli.* Reacting to this *fait accompli* was made all the more difficult for the Israelis by the formation of a "government of national unity" composed of four different parties, of which the leader, the Labor Party, is itself a recent amalgamation of competing factions. Thus, despite the multitude of plans which have been proposed, the government has been unwilling, and is probably unable, to commit itself.

The result is that policy decisions are once again made by a process of *fait accompli,* usually by the Military Government in the occupied territories. In effect, the occupied territories have revived all the contradictions in the Israeli state which seemed about to be resolved on the eve of the war. What had become for all practical purposes an all-Jewish state suddenly has a population 40 per cent Arab. People are beginning again to conceive of *Eretz Israel* —the Jewish National Homeland—in exclusively territorial terms, terms which can point only towards annexation.

The eastern sector of Jerusalem was annexed outright after the war by a bill in parliament authorizing not only the takeover of Jerusalem, but the extension of Israeli administration to "every part of *Eretz Israel,*" as the government deemed necessary. The meaning and the territorial extent of *Eretz Israel* was left up to government discretion. In the rest of the conquered territories military government over the Arabs, which had been finally ended in Israel in 1965, was once again instituted. Events in the occupied territories have been in many senses a reversal of the whole trend of development of the state of Israel.

Moshe Dayan, the Defense Minister, who runs the Military Government more or less as a one-man show, claims strenuously that his only aim in the occupied territories is to guarantee the se-

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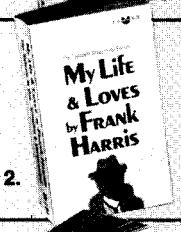

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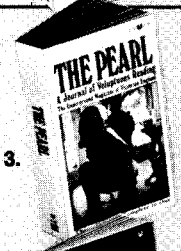

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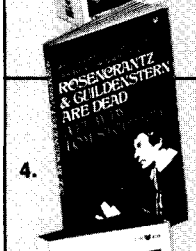

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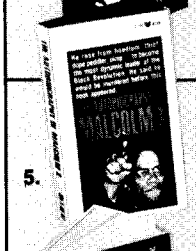

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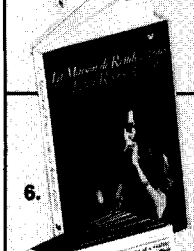

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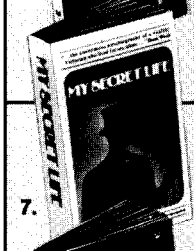

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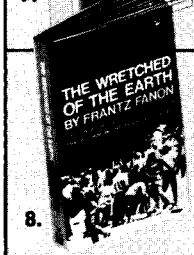

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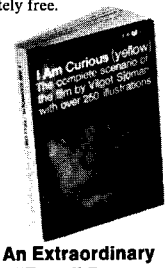

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curity of the Israeli state and of Israeli citizens. But at the same time he has made statements to the effect that Israel must never relinquish the heights of Golan nor the Gaza strip, and that the Israelis must maintain a continued military presence on the West Bank of the Jordan. Dayan came to the Labor Party from Rafi, Ben Gurion's "young Turk" splinter of Mapai. Among Labor Party moderates, led by Premier Eshkol and Pinhas Sapir, he is regarded as a hawk and an annexationist.

Still, Dayan *has* gained a reputation among Israelis for being scrupuously fair in his dealings with the Arabs. He has permitted nearly unlimited traffic to resume between the West Bank and the rest of Jordan. He has met on friendly terms with Arab notables on the West Bank and the Gaza strip. He has dealt severely with incipient Israeli pogroms against Arabs which threatened to break out after terrorist attacks in Tel Aviv and Jerusalem.

But what the Military Government regards as necessary "security measures" against terrorism inevitably turn out to be harsh. Any house belonging to a terrorist, or suspected of harboring one, is blown up. Arab notables accused of encouraging terrorism (and sometimes this has meant only refusal to collaborate with the Israelis) have been deported. Arabs suspected of having connections with terrorist rings have been rounded up in mass arrests. As the Brigadier General in charge of the occupied territories put it: "We only act against the guilty persons . . . but the category of guilt is quite a broad one."

Under the protection of these security measures, and in the absence of any definite policy on the part of the government, a series of *faits accomplis* seems to be pointing more and more toward a continued Israeli presence in the former Arab lands. In a policy reminiscent of Israel's earlier days, the Jewish National Fund is underwriting reclamation and reforestation projects in the Golan Heights and the West Bank. In East Jerusalem extensive housing projects are being set up for Jews who wish to move there. One-fifth of the housing is supposed to be for Arab residents, but at latest report 1800 homes for Jews had already been started while the first 100 apartments for Arabs are "projected" for next year. Israeli settlements are beginning to spring up on the West Bank, such as the one which was provisionally authorized outside Hebron after an Arab attack during the High Holy Days.

Most significant of all is the trend toward economic integration of the occupied territories with Israel. The Military Government has from the start pursued a policy of heavy subsidies to the occupied territories in an effort not only to feed the Arab populace, but to raise their standard of living above that of their countrymen still living under Arab rule. 7,000 Arab laborers are working on government-sponsored projects on the West Bank now. And there is a growing tendency to draw Arab labor from the occupied territories for employment in Israel.

Construction unions in Jerusalem have already complained about wages being undercut by cheap labor from the Eastern sector. New regulations will permit from five to ten thousand workers from the West Bank to cross the "green line" for employment within Israel proper. All this passes in official government statements as an effort to provide for the livelihood of Arabs and to temper their hatred of the Military Government, but a recent editorial in The Jerusalem Post indicates that more is involved: "Now that labour shortages have recurred in the booming Israel economy . . . the supply of Arab workers on a regular and legal basis will be mutually beneficial to both the employers and the employees." Economic considerations seem to point inevitably toward the demise of an all-Jewish state.

To a certain extent these policies are more the responsibility of Dayan's Military Government than of the central government of Premier Eshkol. But the government has not declared its opposition to these trends, and in all probability it could not do so even if Eshkol and his chosen heir, Pinhas Sapir, desired to. Dayan's popularity in the country is truly immense, not only because of his leadership in the war, but precisely because of his policies in the occupied territories as well. A special cabinet committee was set up some weeks ago to supervise the Military Government, but so far it has demonstrated only token interest.

Eshkol and his faction were successful in September in forcing Dayan off the Central Committee of the Labor Party and in postponing the elections for party leadership until a year from now. But every public opinion poll that has been taken in the last three months shows Dayan as the leading choice for premier by margins of at least two to one.

LATIN AMERICA

Exit Panama's lesser evil

NO ONE WAS PARTICULARLY surprised this October when Arnulfo Arias, newly elected president of the Republic of Panama, was deposed in a *coup d'etat* by the country's National Guard. After all, Arias had already been deposed from the presidency twice before, in 1941 and 1951, and had been deprived of the office once in a fradulent election in 1964. What was surprising was that the National Guard, Panama's upper class and the United States had allowed Arias to assume office in the first place.

For Arias had based his political career on the demand that the U.S. pull out of the Canal Zone and return it unconditionally to Panamanian sovereignty. He, more than any other, had been responsible for the waves of anti-American, anti-oligarchy popular nationalism which have swept repeatedly over Panama in recent years. And this time around, the situation was particularly delicate, because the Panama Canal Treaty is up for renewal and revision in 1969—and given Arias' past record as a nationalist, the State Department would far prefer to do business with someone else.

As for the oligarchy which controls Panamanian politics, Arias was a renegade from their ranks and a dangerous demagogue. And this year Arias was no more attractive than he had ever been.

This year, though, the alternative candidate seemed even more dangerous. David A. Samudio was not a man of the upper class at all. He had served the previous administration as Minister of

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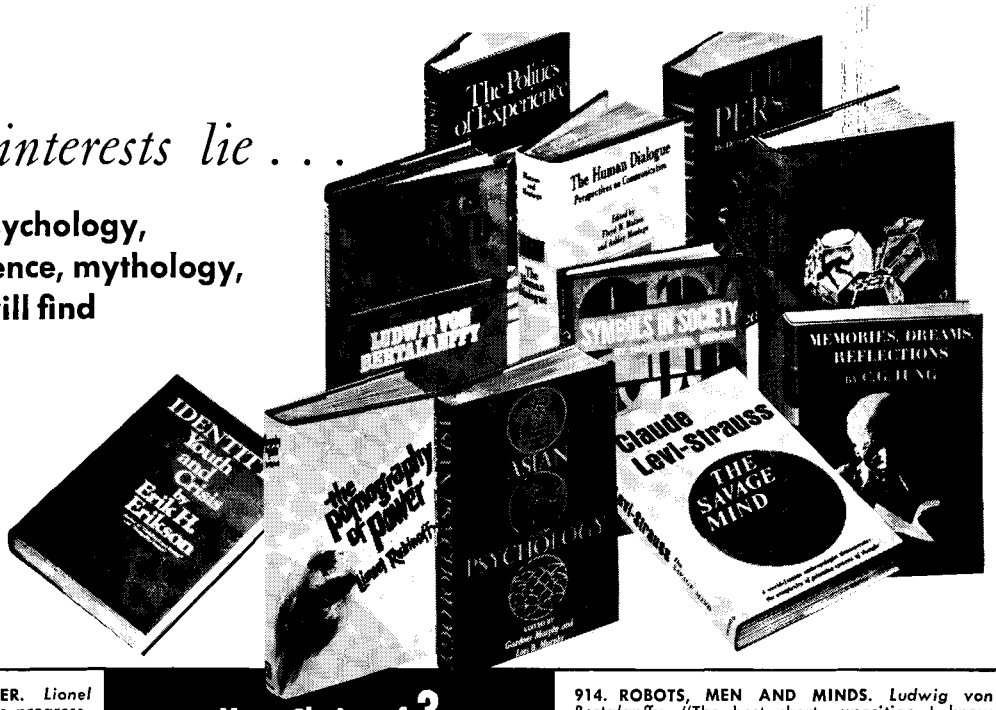

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Finance and promised that if elected he would institute stringent tax reforms which would hit the rich, and the corporations which they and their American friends control.

Moreover, the oligarchy knew that "Arnulfito," as Arias is fondly called by the less powerful in Panama, would always be vulnerable to a *coup d'etat* from many sides: the National Guard, trained by the U.S. Special Forces and constituted as a miniature army, was not about to help him out; and given his stand on the Canal Zone, he could count even less on any support from the State Department. Thus Arias' vulnerability, itself, suddenly turned him into an attractive candidate.

His weakness became apparent the moment he was inaugurated. To try to secure his position he ordered all Guard officers who had not backed his election to resign, so that he could replace them with men he could trust. His three strongest opponents in the Guard, Colonels Pinilla, Urrutia and Torrijos, were ordered into exile as military attaches in the embassies in El Salvador, Uruguay and Chile.

With defeated candidate Samudio out of the way, the colonels saw no reason to take this kind of an insult by lying down. The American officials who might have felt obligated to stand in their way —the Ambassador, the Governor of the Canal Zone and the Commander-in-Chief of the Southern Command—had all conveniently arranged to be out of the country during the second week of October.

At 10 o'clock on the night of October 12, the coup went off with the greatest precision. The calls Arias issued for popular resistance went unheeded. There was some scattered gunfire in the wake of the coup, killing two guardsmen and one civilian, but university-oriented leftists, normally vociferous backers of Arias' nationalism, were entirely quiescent. Arias was forced to take refuge in the U.S.-run Canal Zone—and his enemies had him where they wanted him.

The exiled president and about 70 of his followers were billeted in makeshift, prefab housing some three hundred yards away from the Canal Zone Administration Building. Their sanctuary imposed tighter limitations on them than they might have encountered had they gone underground in their own country. An attempt to broadcast patriotic messages back home was immediately met with an order from the American Governor of the Canal Zone for Arias and his band to cease any activities "of a political nature." The State Department then went about looking for a cooperative country to offer Arias "asylum" to put him permanently out of the way. To date only Costa Rica has responded, and Arias has turned down its offer.

The State Department, however, continued to take good care of Arnulfito. On October 22, they flew him "as a private visitor" to Washington where he said he was going to take his case to the OAS—meaning that he had given up all hope of taking it to the Panamanian people. And it's pretty clear that the State Department is not flying him back to Panama after his "private visit" in Washington. The new Canal Zone Treaty is due to be signed next year, and the Americans want him where they can keep a careful eye on him.

New junta, but same old Peru

IN JULY OF THIS YEAR, Fernando Belaunde Terry, President of Peru and one of the State Department's whitest hopes for middle class democracy in Latin America, announced the signing of an agreement with the International Petroleum Company (99.9 per cent owned by Standard Oil of New Jersey).

The agreement renounced all government claims to $144,015,582 in back taxes owed by IPC, in return for public ownership of the La Brea y Parinas oilfields (which, according to Peruvian law, the government owns anyway). Peruvian nationalists and Belaunde's opponents in Congress—who were a good deal more numerous than his supporters —claimed he had sold the country short.

But no one was yet aware of just how short he had sold them. A month later, Carlos Loret de Mola, president of the Peruvian state petroleum company, suddenly resigned with the announcement that there was a final page to the agreement which had never been made public and which had mysteriously disappeared in the interim. This page, said Loret de Mola, included further concessions to Standard Oil: all payments from the state oil company to Standard for crude oil would have to be in dollars as protection against a possible devaluation of the Peruvian sol; Standard would continue to own La Brea y Parinas until the end of the year; and finally, Standard was guaranteed a monopoly on refining crude from the fields for the next forty years.

This was too much for the Peruvians. The cabinet, led by Premier Osvaldo Hercelles, was forced to resign. A hue and cry went up in the press for Belaunde's head. It was the chance the Peruvian army had been waiting for: at two a.m. on the morning of October 3, army troops got Belaunde out of bed, hustled him barefoot out of the presidential palace and put him on a plane for Buenos Aires. The new military junta, led by General Juan Velasco, announced that Belaunde had "sold the national wealth to foreign interests." Their dictatorship, the generals went on, would put Peru "at last on the path toward fulfillment of her national goals." The IPC oilfields were immediately slated for nationalization, and were occupied less than a week later.

In its next actions, the junta quickly made clear where the path to fulfillment led. Students who protested the coup were teargassed and driven out of the streets. The generals announced that they would govern by decree "indefinitely," and there was no mention of any elections to replace the Belaunde government.

However, the generals were unquestionably right about one thing: Belaunde had sold the national wealth to foreign interests all right, and it wasn't only Peru's oil. In the last year of his regime he had sold to the Americans everything but the surplus streetcars of Lima.

When he was first elected in 1963, Belaunde had promised to expropriate IPC "the very first day I am inaugurated," and although of course he did no such thing, he did allow legal proceedings against the company to continue. The rate of foreign and domestic investment dropped to an annual level below $30 million, and government expenditures to make up the difference led to a series of unbalanced budgets and an inflation of ten per cent per year, which brought the country closer and closer to a devaluation of the sol. Belaunde's opponents demanded that he close the gap by ending income tax privileges and duty-free imports for foreign companies, and by renegotiating incentive contracts with mining companies and auto assemblers which had been worked out to attract investment to Peru.

Instead, Belaunde took just the opposite course. The sol was devalued and Peru's external debt renegotiated with New York banks. New investments were solicited from American companies on even more advantageous terms than before. The mining code was revised to allow companies in copper, iron and oil industries, all of them foreign owned, accelerated depreciation allowances, income tax exemption for part of their profits, and duty benefits on machinery.

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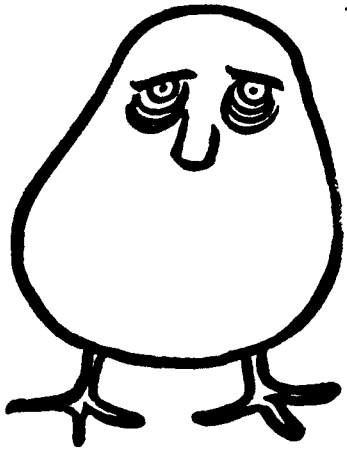

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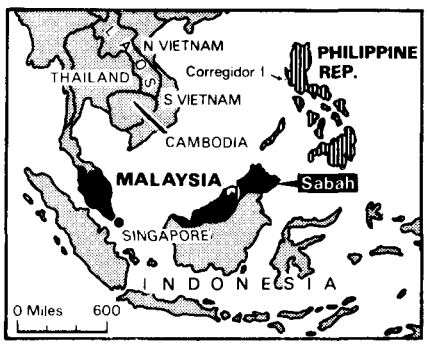
manner by Belaunde, American companies in the extractive industries began to make very extensive investment plans for digging up and exporting Peru's national wealth. Cerro Corporation, Phelps-Dodge and Newmont Mining planned a $335 million project to be called the Southern Peru Copper Corporation; Marcona Mining (owned jointly by Utah Mining and Construction and Cyprus Mines) planned a new $23 million investment; Sinclair and Standard of California both made plans for new refineries; the Cerro Corporation planned to pour $115 million into developing new copper deposits; Anaconda was negotiating with the government for $70 million of new investment. The settlement with IPC was only the finishing touch on a sell-out worthy of a sheikh.

By nationalizing IPC, Velasco and his generals have taken one popular step against the sale of Peru to the United States. But there is little indication that they will be any more likely than Belaunde to reverse the trend. One of the first communiques of the new government declared that the first priority was to guarantee the external public debt and the profits of foreign companies, and went on to say that it would be the policy of the new regime to encourage foreign investment so long as it does not "impair Peru's sovereignty." Negotiations were immediately resumed with the International Monetary Fund for a loan of $75 million (twice as much as Belaunde ever asked for), and both the Belco Petroleum Corporation (which is already producing more oil from its offshore rigs faster than IPC at La Brea) and Marcona Mining hastened to announce that they will increase their investments in Peru. American investors are evidently resigning themselves to the idea that a piece of Standard Oil will have to be sacrificed in the interests of the American investment community.

As for the interests of the Peruvians, there is almost no one left to look out for them. The radical nationalist movement of the 1930s, the ARPA led by Haya de la Torre, has long since become a liberal reformist political party (although Belaunde was elected in 1963 partly because everybody knew that the generals would overthrow the ARPA the day after the election were they to win). The guerrilla movement in the eastern part of the country, the MIR, was ruthlessly suppressed two years ago by Belaunde with the aid of American special forces. This leaves no one but the generals—and Peruvian generals have yet to demonstrate their principled opposition to American capital.

AFRICA

The quiet cold war over Sabah



BORNEO, THE SECOND OR third largest island in the world depending on what you want to include, appears on maps in the midst of a bewildering array of shapes and colors. To the northwest is the Malay Peninsula; to the northeast, the 7000 islands, islets and just plain rocks that make up the Republic of the Philippines. Most of Borneo itself was Dutch during the colonial period, but a thick slice off the top was British.

The part that was Dutch (more than two-thirds of the island) is now called Kalimantan, part of Indonesia since that nation's birth in 1949. The part that was British was divided into three parts, two of which (Sarawak and North Borneo; the exception is a tiny, arrogant and filthy rich sultanate called Brunei) joined in 1963 with Malaya and Singapore (since disaffiliated) to form the Federation of Malaysia.

But it seems that there was once a thing called the Sulu Sultanate, which included what is now the Philippines and which also included North Borneo, now called Sabah. *Ergo,* argue the Filipinos, Sabah ought to be part of the Philippines.

The successive governments of the Philippines have had a problem. While most educated Filipinos are Catholic, there is a sizable, and generally unhappy, Muslim minority in the southern islands. Among the Muslims are groups who tend to get unruly, and they want Muslim Sabah badly enough so that they have turned it into an internal political question in Philippine politics.

Until recently, it was enough for Philippine politicians not to say the *wrong* thing about Sabah. Last year, however, the Muslim groups began to get a little more vocal, and people like Philippine president Ferdinand E. Marcos found themselves being accused of being "soft on Sabah."

The Philippines, then, started pushing on the Sabah question, and it blew up a little further last spring, when there was a mutiny by some Filipino Army recruits on Corregidor. The mutineers, it turned out, were Muslims from the southern islands—and while the mutiny itself was not particularly relevant, the training on Corregidor was. The Philippine government has denied it, but it's pretty clear that the Filipino Muslims were being trained for some sort of infiltration into Sabah—possibly as "guerrillas," possibly as agitators.

Things calmed down a little during the summer, but in August, the Philippine legislature was talking about a proposed bill defining Philippine territorial waters, and Malaysian officials noted, loudly enough to be heard, that the bill did not include Sabah. The Filipinos, who might not have passed any bill at all otherwise, promptly amended the bill so that it did indeed include Sabah (and a tiny piece of Kalimantan, too, though the Indonesians ignored it). When President Marcos signed the bill into law, Malaysia broke off diplomatic relations.

By October the Malaysians were talking about a possible Philippine invasion of Sabah, and saying that if there was one, they would expect aid from Singapore, Britain and "other friends" (Malaysia and Singapore are working out a joint air defense system, and both Britain and the United States have intervened diplomatically on Malaysia's side).

Abdul Rahman went off to visit Sabah —but canceled a boat trip from Sandakan around the northern coast after a Philippine naval vessel was spotted in Sabahan waters. And the Malaysian premier charged that fighter planes — he wouldn't say specifically that they belonged to the Philippines—were buzzing Malaysian naval craft off Sabah.

Back in Kuala Lampur, the Malaysian Parliament began debate on a bill that would declare the Philippine territorial-waters bill null and void — a legally meaningless gesture intended merely to forestall any later claim that they knew about the Philippine bill and, through their silence, "accepted" it.

Great Britain has announced her intention to remove her "presence" from the area by 1971 — a decision which makes Malaysia, at least, unhappy. Western-oriented, her leaders are aware of the nearness of both China and Indonesia, and like other political leaders in southeast Asia (most notably Cam-

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Report from Olympic Village

by
Pete
Hamill

Photograph by Baron Wolman

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[I.]

TENOCHTITLÁN: *With the hard fine wind blowing through the high mesa, exiled deities silent on the slopes of snow-capped volcanoes, dust in dead cities, the bed of the old lake fed by a million hearts, tezontle stone stained with blood, plumed serpents, eagles on rocks, children of the fifth sun, jaguars prowling up from the tropic coasts, masks and bells, square-toed women with lush breasts, skins of flayed men, magic, fields of maize, burning water, God in the heart of the butterfly—and gold. The gold had passed through the hands of Maya and Toltec, Mixtec and Olmec; it was there from the beginning of time, and remains there now, locked in the depths of the tectonic seam. "We Spaniards," said Cortez, "suffer from a disease that can only be cured by gold." The Aztecs thought he was Quetzalcoatl, returned from 500 years of exile, the white god with the bearded face. But he was only a brave plunderer, and the looting was terrible. "Golden jewels," wrote the old soldier Bernal Diaz, "some like lizards and three necklaces of hollow gold beads; a wheel like a sun, as big as a cartwheel . . ."*

A million tons crossed the ocean on galleons, braving terrible seas and French privateers, to be thrown into the boiling pots, melted down, forged into dull bars, converted into power. It was as if gold were the true blood of Mexico, and when the gold left, the power followed it. Holy cities fell beneath jungle and sand; Tula vanished, and Monte Alban, and Xochicalco; the feathered priests fell before gun and broadsword; the pyramids were torn apart and replaced with cathedrals; one hundred thousand were slaughtered; great stones were tumbled into the canals; smallpox and measles and the diseases of Europe took the artists and the poets and the architects; the idols of the old gods were smashed, the great manuscripts burned, and Tenochtitlán was gone. And yet something of it remains, dark and brooding, capable still of vengeance and murder, under the railroad yards and the slums of the section called Tlatelolco, in the city of Mexico.

[II.]

WE DROVE OUT INSURGENTES SUR at noon, past the Plymouth dealers, and the Shakey's Pizza Parlor, and the big neon-lit mariachi joints, and the middle-class nightclubs, and the southern fried chicken places; past the big new Sanborns, and the houses where the dentists and the doctors live; past Sears, and the gas stations offering Esso Super Lavado, and Denny's ("*abierto 24 horas*"), heading south. Signs advertising the Olympics were everywhere. There were horses' heads for the equestrian events, a glove pointing the way to boxing, locked arms for wrestling, and a foot for track and field.

There had been an attempt to clear all the billboards in the city and to replace them with messages saluting the Olympic ideal, advertising the slogan of the games: "*Todo es posible en las paz.*" Everything is possible in peace. But it was not possible, so we moved past ads for rum and children's clothes and domestic whiskey, past the advertisements for all those businesses whose directors were part of the government or had friends in the government, or whose budgets allowed for the largest of all *mordidas*. The bite. The big bite. *La Mordida* remained the truest symbol of a powerless state. It had left the commercial messages on the billboards and built the Sumesa supermarkets, and would be there after all of us went home and the Olympics were forgotten.

Mexico City was a city violated, violated again and again. Once, ten years ago, Mexico was the city where the air was really clear. It was spread in its valley, 7400 feet above sea level; you would wake in the crisp morning with the fine thin air tingling, the smell of carbon fires and eucalyptus trees perfuming the air. We would walk the Paseo de la Reforma, where hoses played softly on the lawns, and we would sit on a bench and read Esto and Ovaciones, the sports paper, about fighters like Toluco Lopez and Raton Macias and Pajarito Moreno. But all the fighters are gone now, and Esto and Ovaciones were filled with the Olympics. The old hard earthen walk of the Reforma had been covered with tiles, and the air was no longer clear.

We finally arrived at the Olympic Village, our eyes burning and teary. There were soldiers everywhere. On the side streets, we had seen buses with open sides, filled with blue-helmeted *granaderos*, Mexico City's equivalent of a tactical police force. Officers with flat Indian faces, masked with sunglasses, stared at us as we went by. Up the side alleys were the people of Mexico, their children barefoot, the floors of their hovels made of dirt and corn husks. These were the true Children of Sanchez, and they had both nothing and everything to do with the Olympics.

For while much of Mexico City boomed, while the best architects were employed by banks and churches, while the lovely monuments to the Olympics were being erected and the tourists were pouring money across the desks of the hotels and the counter of the American Express and—in the evenings—into the bodies of whores; while the Mexican press fawned over the games as if some marvelous prize had been awarded to an undeserving people; while the Mexican businessmen sold pieces of their country to their American counterparts; while all of that was happening, Mexico was moving toward civil war and revolution.

The conditions are all there. The slums of Mexico are teeming. In places like Tepito, some belt themselves into unconsciousness on *pulque* and *mezcal*, or go crazy with hunger and solitude (every Mexican is a fortress, Octavio Paz has said, and too much solitude, too much hunger, makes the inhabitant of a fortress a murderer. It is no accident that Mexico City has the highest homicide rate in the Western world). Their children are not all going the same way. The young people know that 50 per cent of all Mexicans are illiterate (the government claims 33 per cent). They know that between 1939 and 1960, the working man's share of the national income fell from 30.8 per cent to 24.19 per cent, while profits rose from 26.2 per cent to 46.2 per cent. They see the walls rising around the mansions in the Lomas and the Pedregal, while the slums on the edge of the city swell with the population. They know that one-third of all Mexico City's families live in one-room apartments, eating and sleeping and making love in the same fetid hole, sharing a courtyard for their cooking, their washing and their toilet facilities. They know that another ten per cent live in shacks and that another 14 per cent are hidden in workers' colonies on the outskirts of the city, without water,

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electricity or sewage disposal facilities. The three major causes of death are malaria, pneumonia and dysentery, the killers which lurk in the countries of poverty. There are 2400 people for every physician, and 800 people for every hospital bed.

Most importantly, the Children of Sanchez have learned that the ruling political party, the Institutional Revolutionary Party (PRI) has become a Tammany-like machine, even worse than Tammany; it is kept in power through corruption, guns, a system of caciques spread throughout the country, and a smug belief in its own final worth. Most of its instincts are on the side of peace and progress, or, as we say in the United States, law and order. The PRI has survived for more than 50 years and it is not much worried about the rightists who belong to the PAN (National Action Party); since they call themselves revolutionaries, the "Pristas" save their most savage energies for keeping down the left. It was no accident that the PRI and its elected President, Gustavo Díaz Ordaz, found it expedient to machine-gun protesting students and a number of innocent bystanders in Tlatelolco so the Olympics could be held. The students, after all, were a threat.

[III.]

THE MORE THAN 3000 ASSORTED reporters, TV technicians, photographers and radio announcers who streamed into the Olympic Press Center every day never saw what was beyond the walls of the adjacent street. Beyond those walls, people lived in squalor; the women pounded tortillas through the day and wondered when a piece of meat might come their way, the children worked in the streets with Chiclet boxes and shoeshine kits, the men did what they could to survive.

Of course, none of that penetrated the Olympic Press Center. It was one of those international buildings that could just as easily have served a Trade Fair, Expo '67 or the USIA. The carpets were gold; the wallpaper advertised Olivetti typewriters; there were international phone booths manned by a staff of multilingual girls. The tables and counters were loaded with paper: results of the previous day's events; programs; propaganda booklets advertising the fine merits of the Hungarian teams, the Polish teams, the Czechoslovakian teams. The sports reporters tapped out stories for their papers, all about how fine the Olympic ideal was, and how the athletes were doing, and endless pieces about the effects of the altitude. The wire services had large cubicles to work in, and the place had a bright and busy feel to it.

Down the hill, the athletes in the Olympic Village spent their spare time exercising, or sleeping, or washing out uniforms. The windows of every building had laundry hanging in the breeze. The athletes were all asked to be pure, to be untouched by commercialism and the dread dollar. Yet they learned from the local CBS all-news station (yes, there is even one in Mexico) that Wearever batteries had received the exclusive Olympic contract and were using that fact in their commercials. At the Olympic Stadium, they learned that Omega watches had picked up the timing contract, and if they watched any of the events on Mexican television there was no way to avoid the Omega commercials. At one point, a brief furor developed over possible professionalism among the athletes, but apparently it was perfectly all right to take the filthy dollar if you were a member of the Olympic Committee or the host government.

[IV.]

MOVING IN AND OUT OF THE CLUMPS of athletes at the Olympic Stadium were young Mexicans serving as official observers and judges; they wore grey fedoras and maroon jackets and marched in step from one event to the other, bringing results to higher officials for ratification. After a while these observers, some of whom were girls, began to seem like part of a surreal backdrop, sitting on stairways that led nowhere, holding official-looking file folders and clipboards. Now and then a squad would come down the track carrying supermarket-style wire baskets, pick up an athlete's sweat clothes, and then march off together to some secret rendezvous. They never smiled, never blinked, never fell out of step. If the dead students of the Plaza de Las Tres Culturas were symbols of one part of Mexican youth, the kids in the grey fedoras and the maroon jackets symbolized another: the future leadership of the PRI, the sons of the Lomas and the Pedregal and the Bamer Hotel roof; they were like the young ushers you see at a Republican convention—doing a job in return for a résumé credit later in life, to be entered as a sign of respectability.

In the stands, the reporters worked at grey wooden tables which were clamped to the backs of the seats in front of them. Tiny Sony TV sets were scattered about the tables for close-ups of events on the far side of the stadium or for looks at the other stadiums around the city (swimming, boxing, yachting, wrestling and other sports could not be held at the main stadium). The names of competitors flashed on a massive electronic scoreboard at the far end of the field, followed by the results of each event. Over everything the Olympic torch sputtered and blazed in its concrete bowl—an orange, somehow smutty smear against the hard Mexican sky.

Through it all, we seemed always in danger of perishing in a blizzard of numbers. The Mexican government had spent a total of $150 million on the Games, including some small change for such items as 40,000 ballons and 6000 doves for the opening-day ceremonies. The Olympic Village, housing 7226 competitors from 119 nations, had cost $12.5 million, and contained 29 apartment buildings, six mess halls, two gymnasiums, a track, a shopping center and a clinic.

At the center of the crowd sat the members of the American and International Olympic committees, separated from the press table by a dry concrete moat. They all wore scarlet blazers and grey flannel trousers, and a lot of them were wearing those thick, round-toed brown shoes that you see around Wall Street. Most of them had been athletes back in the '20s and '30s, but now they seemed more like mummified visitors from John O'Hara country. Their faces were old but pampered; you were certain they had fine handshakes; they smiled a lot and had good teeth. These bald sportsmen were the college of cardinals of the Olympics, and International Olympic Committee (IOC) President Avery Brundage was their Pope.

As a sporting event, the whole gaudy show had a kind of petty magnificence. Time and again, in fact, you found yourself fighting your own emotions. Bob Beamon, a twenty-two-year-old black man who came off the streets of New York,

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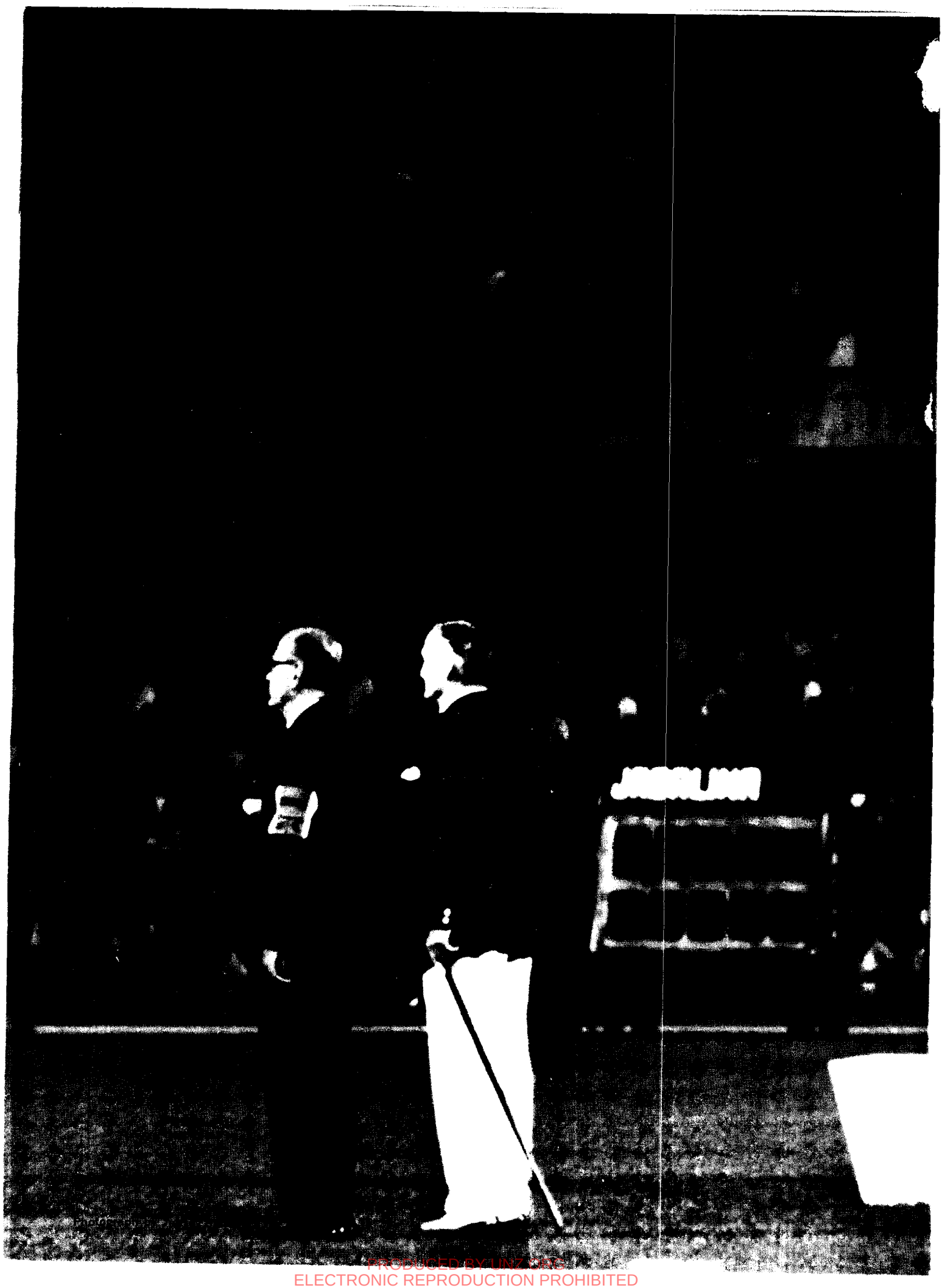

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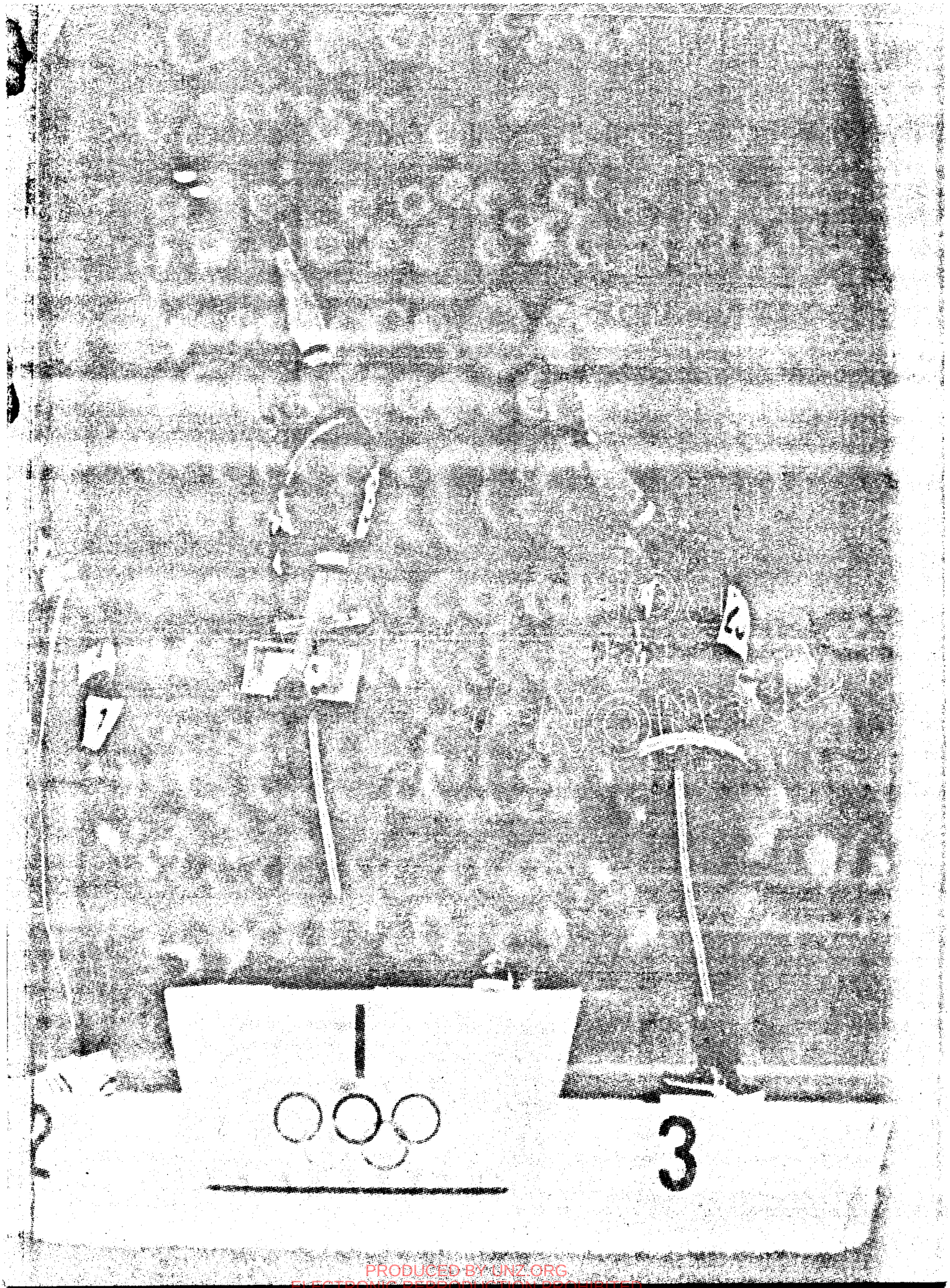

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brought a roar from 50,000 people when he jumped farther than anyone in history—breaking the long jump record with a leap of 29 feet, two-and-a-half inches, almost two feet better than the old record. He literally soared through the air, flapping his arms like some immense black Peter Pan who had discovered the hidden wire; when he came down he jumped again, in happiness and joy, knowing that whatever he was before, now he was different. Now he was famous. Now he was not just a kid off the streets of New York. And he fell to the ground, his big body heaving with sobs, as if kissing the earth. "I was thanking that Man up there," he said later, "for letting me hit the ground right there."

Such pure, almost innocent moments were happening all over Mexico City. There was Al Oerter, slipping in the rainy discus ring, tearing a thigh muscle, packing it with ice, and coming back to win the discus throw for the fourth time—the first Olympics competitor ever to perform that feat. "These are the Olympics," he said afterwards. "You die for them."

There were young men everywhere who seemed as if they *would* die for the Olympics. There was Ron Clarke of Australia, running in the 5,000 meters, his big muscular athlete's body shuddering as it sucked at the thin supply of oxygen, using everything he had learned in all his years of competition, slowing down, speeding up, shifting from one lane to another, knowing that he had broken seven world records and then realizing, as first one, then two, then four rivals ran past him, that he would never have that chance again. The photographers rushed the winner, Mohammed Gammoudi from Tunisia, while Clarke lurched away, finally to sit at the edge of the runway exit, panting, the doctors beside him.

There were people like Wyomia Tyus, running like the wind itself to win the 100 meters in a record eleven seconds. There were the great Kenyans—Kipchoge Keino, Naftali Temu, Amos Biwott, Benjamin Kogo—making it clear that Africa had come to stay in international sports, that you could have the largest gross national product on earth, the most TV sets, ten million refrigerators, stores which sold peanut butter and jelly in the same jar, but you still could not win the 1500 or the 10,000 meters.

And yet it was very much an American Olympics. The Russians put on a mediocre performance, while the Americans stored away the gold medals, the bronzes and the silvers. Bob Seagren won the pole vault; the basketball team—described as the worst in the country's history—went on to beat its most dangerous foes. In the swimming meets, all the little California teenyboppers plunged into the pools of Mexico and won everything in sight.

It is unfashionable to say it, I suppose, but there is something about a man pushing himself beyond his own limits that can turn the simplest act, or the most innocent game, into art. But time and again a group of athletes would come pounding down the tartan track, the muscle bunching in their legs, their faces contorted with pain, pushing themselves, going out beyond themselves, straining and forcing their bodies to do things that few other human bodies have been asked to do. The champions were possessed with what Yeats once called the fanatic heart. Their bodies were not different; it was not a case of their being more powerful or more superb animals. The champions ran to defeat obscurity, to defeat their own fears; some of them ran for the honor of their country, for the millions they had left behind. And some of them ran for gold.

[V.]

FROM THE BEGINNING, there was something else happening in Mexico City, something beyond sports. That something was bitter and ugly and uncertain. To begin with, the Olympics had opened in blood. Some reporters searched out Mexican students to try to find out what might happen, what had happened, what was happening. But the answers were not simple. At the Plaza de Las Tres Culturas, at least 60, and possibly 200, people had been killed. Many of them were student leaders. The Mexican secret police had picked up hundreds of others. There were rumors that a concentration camp had been opened at the Campo Militar, where the shooting events were supposed to take place. There were stories of vultures circling *arroyos* in the country, where the bodies of other student leaders had been left. There were rumors that other students had gone to the mountains of Morelos, where Emiliano Zapata had started, rumors that young men were digging in for guerrilla warfare, that caves were being stocked with arms and food, that movement was heavy in the small boats along the jungled shores of Yucatán. But nothing could be checked.

One student I talked to thought that the best the Mexican students could do for the moment would be to get a few words of solidarity from some black American athletes. He talked about smuggling copies of Por Que?, the left-wing weekly, into the Olympic Village, so that the photographs of slaughtered students and civilians would shock the athletes into some sort of protest. Nothing came of it. The government seemed to have won its dare. The Olympics were taking place, and whatever violence might have occurred was happening one bullet at a time, discreetly, beyond the view of reporters and cameramen.

Beyond that, of course, there was something else: the black American athletes. Everywhere you turned, the American sportswriters talked about what was going to happen. The older sportswriters were outraged *before* anything happened. The Olympics, you heard grown men saying, were sacred; no place for politics. There was a streak of racism apparent in many of the older writers, too. "Harry Edwards didn't have the guts to come down," I heard one grizzled veteran say. "They won't have the brains to do anything." I heard one writer say loudly, while waiting for a press conference of several black athletes, "This will be in Spanish, French, English and whatever these guys speak." They wanted all athletes, black and white, to be quiet, humble and grateful. They wanted no boasting. They wanted no complexity. Above all, they wanted no politics.

There were stories of terrible things to come—athletes accepting medals in *dashikes;* athletes refusing to accept medals at all; athletes going through the loneliness-of-the-long-distance-runner routine, showing that they could win and then purposely holding back. But the younger sportswriters, like Robert Lipsyte of the New York Times and Stan Isaacs of Newsday, understood what the situation was about. If the athletes chose to use the Olympics to make a symbolic protest against racism in the United States, that was their prerogative; winners can do what they want to do, even if, like Muhammad Ali, their careers are destroyed in the process.

The older sportswriters felt more secure with the college of cardinals and their Pope. Brundage, at eighty-one, had just

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been reelected to the presidency of the IOC. Despite his age, he can hardly be described as senile; his eyes have the hard brilliance of a man who will not easily surrender anything, let alone power. Brundage had insisted that any protest by black athletes would be dealt with toughly; he said so with the firmness of a man who is used to holding command.

Brundage's flunkies responded predictably. Typical was Douglas Roby, the head of the American Olympic Committee. There was at least one classic encounter: Jim Bouton, who used to pitch for the New York Yankees, a man who could be called a liberal but hardly a radical, came to Mexico with some other athletes only to ask delegates to the IOC to hold firm on the ban of South Africa from all international meets. But Roby answered his simple request by asking: "Did the Russians pay your way here? Are you mixed up with the commies?" And Robert Paul, who served as chief United States press officer, added: "I won't talk to you. You're the un-American ballplayer I've heard about." Such schmucks would be laughable, except for the fact that when the black protest finally came, they were the people to act upon a "solution."

[VI.]

THE FIRST BLACK SCOURGE of the Republic to appear at the games was Jim Hines, who won the 100 meters in the world record time of nine and nine-tenths seconds. Hines opposed San Jose State College Professor Harry Edwards' proposed boycott, but let it be known that under no circumstances would he accept his medal if Avery Brundage was the man awarding it. Avery Brundage did not award the medal.

But the real confrontation was yet to come, and it came from John Carlos and Tommie Smith, who were running in the 200-meter dash. It began when they wore long black socks (later changed to ankle socks, to prevent cutting circulation in the legs) in preliminary heats. They went on to win with Smith finishing first, in a blazing 19.8, setting a new world record. Smith might have peeled another few tenths off the record had he not raised his arms in exultation as he crossed the finish line. Carlos finished third, behind Australian Peter Norman. When they came out for the award ceremony, they walked without shoes, carrying a track shoe in one hand, with the other hand tucked into their windbreakers. They climbed the stand, and then, after receiving the medals, they turned toward the American flag as the Star Spangled Banner was played. They took their hands out. Smith's right hand wore a black glove, Carlos' left hand its mate. As the anthem played, they bowed their heads and raised their gloved hands to the sky in a clenched fist salute. Thirty hours later they were kicked off the team.

At this point the Olympic team almost collapsed. Carlos, who couldn't stop talking before the protest, now wouldn't talk to anyone. He stomped back and forth through the Olympic Village, followed by reporters and cameramen, and he even threatened to punch one of them. Smith, who had finished first, was less available than Carlos. In front of Building II, more than 100 people assembled while Roby tried to explain what had happened. The members of the committee had met ("How many blacks on that committee?" someone shouted) and decided that the two members of the team had violated the Olympic tradition of sportsmanship by their "immature" conduct ("What rule did they break?" shouted Joe Flaherty of the Village Voice.) The crowd was told that if strong action was not taken, the American team would be completely disqualified.

A banner saying "Down with Brundage" fluttered from the seventh floor of the American dormitory; on the fourth, a Wallace for President bumper sticker appeared. The seventh floor housed the black track athletes; the fourth floor housed the rifle team.

When Lee Evans, Larry James and Ron Freeman finished one-two-three in the 400 meters, everyone waited to see what they would do. They wore Black Panther berets because, said Evans, who had been in tears over the dismissal of his teammates, "It was raining." But they were not thrown off the team. They were still needed for the 1600-meter relay. Smith and Carlos had not been needed for anything.

The protest of the black athletes was more muted than had been expected. But the people on the IOC, and especially the members of the American Committee, seemed terrified. Something even as restrained as the gesture of Smith and Carlos had never happened before. They had always before been able, in Roby's phrase, to "control" their athletes. But now the niggers were getting out of hand—consider what they said at their press conferences: "We are black and proud to be black," Smith said. "White America will say 'an American won,' not 'a black American won.' If we had done something bad, they would have said 'a Negro.' " Carlos talked even more bluntly: "White people seem to think we're animals. I want people to know we're not animals, not inferior animals like cats and rats and roaches. They think we're some kind of a show horse. They think we can perform and they can throw us some peanuts and say 'good boy, good boy.' "

But when it was over, nothing tangible had changed, although one had a sense that the Games, like the Democratic Party after the last convention, would never be quite the same. Smith and Carlos moved out of the Olympic Village, stayed in a downtown hotel with their wives, and then left for the States. Brundage remained in power. The sportswriters wrote about how the protests had ruined the games (not all of the sportswriters, of course). And one at a time, all the other athletes started dribbling home.

[VII.]

GHOSTS STIRRED. *Blood was drying on the charred surface. And magic, terror, long knives, machine pistols, horses in the hills, and the sad hurt faces of the Mexicans were what remained. Mexico remained. Beneath the surface, down where the slain priests lived, down in the heart of Tenochtitlán, something terrible was coming. The Games were an interlude, the last of something, a diversion. No one died. Amateurs played for small gold. They played for amulets, to be hung on green cords from the neck. They played for everything. They played for nothing. Drifting up from the depths of the city on that last night, you could smell old blood, and a taste for murder. Violence was an infection, and this time when the infected played, they would play for the vanished gold called power.*

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The following is an excerpt from a forthcoming book, The Incompleat Folksinger *by Pete Seeger, edited by Jo Schwartz, to be published by Prentice-Hall.*

Woody Guthrie, Songwriter

WOODROW WILSON GUTHRIE, one of the great folk song ballad-makers of this century, was born in Okemah, Oklahoma. Childhood in an oil boom town. In 1935, he drifted to California, along with thousands of other "Okies" forced by dust storms and Depression woes to leave their homes. Made a living singing in saloons, occasional fly-by-night radio programs and later on for union meetings, parties, political rallies, dance and theater groups, the Library of Congress Folksong Archives. Dozens of restless trips across the U.S.A. Three marriages and many children.

And over one thousand songs.

Pete Seeger by Eve Crane

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Woody has described his musical education pretty well. The lonesome old ballads sung by his mother, the honkytonk blues, and the wild hollers that he heard from his father and other men in town. And it is worth emphasizing that his style of guitar picking was picked straight off the recordings of the Carter Family, who were popular around 1931 when Woody was eighteen years old. He also learnt some of his favorite songs directly off their records. Another favorite of his, of course, was Jimmie Rodgers, "the yodeling brakeman." Woody also used to accompany his uncle Jeff, who was a fiddler, and they played on the radio occasionally. And so you see, he fits right in with the usual "country music" category of a small town in Oklahoma in the '20s and '30s. So much so that I know some people in New York, when they first heard him, would say, "Why, he's just a hillbilly singer, isn't he?"

After he had gone to California and was singing for $1 a day on a Los Angeles radio station, he attracted the attention of a man named Ed Robbin, a news commentator for a radical newspaper, the People's World, over the same radio station. This man got interested in Woody and Woody's ideas, and Woody got interested in him and his ideas. The year was 1938.

Woody was introduced to Will Geer, the actor, who was doing benefits to raise money for the migratory labor camps. Woody came along and dived into the struggle. He became a close friend of Will and his family. Through Geer, Woody started to make a living singing at fund-raising parties around Los Angeles.

Will sent me a copy of Woody's mimeographed songbook, *On a Slow Train through California*, and told me I sure ought to meet Woody when he came to New York. I met him in March of 1940, at a midnight song session on the stage of a Broadway theater. It was again a benefit for the California migratory workers. *The Grapes of Wrath* had been published a year before, and there were many in New York who felt that e wanted to learn more. Will Geer was MC of the show. Burl Ives was in on it and also Leadbelly and Josh White. And there was Woody. A little, short fellow with a western hat and boots, in blue jeans and needing a shave, spinning out stories and singing songs that he had made up himself. His manner was laconic, offhand, as though he didn't much care if the audience was listening or not.

I just naturally wanted to learn more about him. I became a friend of his, and he became a big piece of my education.

I was working for Alan Lomax down in the Library of Congress in Washington, D.C. Woody came down several times, usually on some kind of booking or other. We hit it off pretty well together. Around May 1940, he came down driving a car which he hadn't finished paying for, and asked me if I'd like to come with him to Oklahoma.

I quit my job—such as it was—and we "hitchhiked on credit," as he said, down through Virginia and Tennessee, on to Oklahoma, and then to Pampa, Texas, where Woody's wife and children were staying with her parents. I don't think we stayed in Pampa more than a week or two, and then went back to Oklahoma City where the finance company came and took his car, as I remember it. We went back east with Bob Wood, and were learning things all the way.

I spent the rest of 1940 hitchhiking by myself. Woody rejoined his family on the West Coast and went to work writing songs for the Bonneville Power Administration.

Back in New York, in 1941, I met Lee Hays. He, Mill Lampell and myself started singing together, calling ourselves the Almanac Singers. ("In the country," said Lee, "a farmhouse would have two books in the house, a Bible and an almanac. One helped us to the next world, the other helped us make it through this one.") We recorded some peace songs and some union songs with the help of friends.

Woody Guthrie arrived in June, having ridden freights and hitchhiked from the Pacific Northwest, where he'd completed his work for the Bonneville Power Administration. He no sooner set foot in our apartment when we said, "Woody, how would you like to go west?" He scratched his head. "I just came from the west, but I don't guess I mind if I join up with you." We had bought a nine-year-old Buick for $125, a terrible eater of gas and oil.

Within the next few days, we made a few extra dollars recording some records, *Sodbuster Ballads* and *Deepsea Shanties*. Then with a little gasoline money in our pockets we took off. We sang for automobile workers in Detroit, half a dozen varieties of CIO union people in Chicago, Milwaukee, Denver, and then we got to San Francisco.

When we walked down the aisle of a room where one thousand local members of Harry Bridges' longshoremens union were meeting, we could see some of them turning around in surprise and even disapproval, "What the hell is a bunch of hillbilly singers coming in here for: we got work to do." But when we finished singing for them "Union Maid," "Talking Union," "Which Side Are You On?" and especially "The Ballad of Harry Bridges," their applause was deafening. We walked down that same aisle on our way out and they slapped Woody on the back so hard they nearly knocked him over.

I WAS WITH WOODY WHEN HE WROTE "Union Maid." It was in the early summer of 1940 in Oklahoma City. There, Bob Wood, the communist organizer, had asked Woody and me to sing for a small meeting of oil workers, who were out on strike. Hardly 50 or 60 people were there and some were women, who evidently couldn't get babysitters, and children. It also included some strange men who walked in and lined up along the back of the hall without sitting down. Bob Wood leaned over and said, "I'm not sure if these guys are going to try to break up this meeting or not. It's an open meeting and we can't kick them out. See if you can get the whole crowd singing." So Woody and I did just that. You know, those guys never did break up the meeting. We found out later they had intended to. Perhaps it was the presence of so many women and children that deterred them, perhaps it was the singing. Anyhow, the morning after I found the first two verses of "Union Maid" stuck in Woody's typewriter.

(Years later, in 1947, I got a job singing in a little Greenwich Village nightclub. Woody came down to see how I was doing and in his honor I sang "Union Maid." Some young drunk at a table near Woody started joining in on the chorus but with his own variation, "Oh, you can't scare me, I'm a capitalist, I'm a capitalist, I'm a capitalist." Woody started waving an empty beer bottle around in the air and trying to bean him, shouting, "It's bastards like you who stayed home making millions while we was out fighting the fascists.")

After singing for the longshoremen, the Almanac Singers went down to Los Angeles, temporarily lost a couple of members.

Woody and I zigzagged back up to the San Joaquin Valley,

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up the coast to Oregon and Washington, then east, stopping at Butte, Montana, and then Duluth, Minnesota. An organizer for the lumberjacks union asked us if we would be willing to go around and sing in some of the camps, and we said, sure. He was on a routine inspection tour to make sure that the union contract was being obeyed by the bosses. The workers still lived in one big bunkhouse but it was roomy, clean and warm. And as for food, I never saw such a groaning board. For breakfast they had on the table (no fooling), ham, sausage, bacon, chops; they had scrambled eggs, fried eggs, boiled eggs. They had applesauce, prunes, figs, oranges, grapefruit, tomato juice, grape juice, milk, coffee, tea, fried potatoes, pancakes, biscuits, toast. When the cook rang the bell, 50 husky men clumped into the cook shack and sat down and started shoveling in the food. There was no conversation, no talking whatsoever, except maybe "pass the butter please." This was an old country custom, an inflexible rule: no conversation at mealtimes. If anybody had tried to start talking about the weather or anything else, he would have been guilty of bad manners.

The men were mostly of Scandinavian background. The 19th century logging camps had been full of Irish and French Canadians. The 20th century camps were full of Finns and Swedes. They were a taciturn lot. The organizer had told us the previous day, "Don't expect these workers to make a big fuss over your songs, they are Scandinavians. But I know they will be glad to hear you."

In the evening, around the big stove in the center of the bunkhouse, the organizer spoke briefly to the men and answered a few questions, and then he introduced Woody and me. We walked up to the center, sang a song. There was dead silence. We sang another song, there was still dead silence. We looked at each other and said, "Suppose we ought to sing another?" Well, we sang one more. There was still dead silence when we finished. We thanked the men for listening to us, and walked over to the side. One of the men said quietly, "Aren't you going to sing any more, boys?" A little reluctantly we went back and sang a couple more songs, again to complete dead silence, and then we figured we better not push our luck any more and said good night.

The next morning one of the men said to us, "Boy, that music sure was wonderful. Wish you had sang a lot more, we could have listened to it all night."

In the fall of 1941, we started a cooperative apartment known as Almanac House. People came and went all the time. The cuisine was erratic but interesting; the furniture almost nonexistent; the sleeping done at odd hours; the output of songs phenomenal.

We got bookings on the subway circuit; $5 here and $10 there. By working hard we just managed to keep body and soul together. On Sunday afternoons we'd hold open house. Thirty-five cents was charged at the door and we and friends would sing all afternoon. We called the sings "hootenannies," a term Woody and I had picked up in Seattle.

In early '42 our Beat Hitler songs ("Reuben James," "Round and Round Hitler's Grave," etc.) actually got us a radio job or two. An agent working for the William Morris Agency got interested in us. He took us around to the Rainbow Room, which was at that time a top New York nightclub at Rockefeller Center. We sang a few songs over the mike that afternoon while the bored manager sat in the empty nightclub. He said he might have us work there, but we had to "make the act look better." The men should all wear one-suspender overalls and the women members of the Almanacs wear sunbonnets and gunnysack dresses.

We didn't take too kindly to that suggestion and started improvising verses which Woody later mentioned in his autobiography, *Bound for Glory:*

At the Rainbow Room the soup's on to boil
They're stirring the salad with Standard Oil.

The Rainbow Room it's mighty high,
You can see John D. a-flyin' by.

It's sixty stories high, they say,
A long way back to the U.S.A.

We walked out of there not expecting that they'd want to hire us and not really wanting to work there. Furthermore, right after that we were Red-baited in one of the New York papers and the agent quit trying to get us any work at all.

ANYTHING WORTH DISCUSSING was worth a song to Woody: news off the front page, sights and sounds of the countryside he traveled through, thoughts brought to mind by reading anything from Rabelais to Will Rogers.

I remember the night he wrote the song "Tom Joad." He said, "Pete, do you know where I can get a typewriter?"

I said, "I'm staying with someone who has one."

"Well, I got to write a ballad," he said. "I don't usually write ballads to order, but Victor wants me to do a whole album of Dust Bowl songs, and they say they want one about Tom Joad in *The Grapes of Wrath.*" I asked him if he had read the book and he said, "No, but I saw the movie. Good movie." He went along to the place where I was staying—six flights walking up—on East Fourth Street. The friend I was staying with let him use the typewriter.

Woody had a half gallon jug of wine with him, sat down and started typing away. He would stand up every few seconds and test out a verse on his guitar, and sit down and start typing some more. About one o'clock my friend and I got so sleepy we couldn't stay awake. In the morning we found Woody curled up on the floor under the table. The half gallon of wine was almost empty and the completed ballad was sitting near the typewriter.

Later, at Almanac House, I saw him compose other songs over a period of months. He'd have an idea and fool around with it a little bit, wouldn't be satisfied; then maybe he'd come back to it in a month or two and fool around with it some more.

When World War II came along, I went into the Army, and he went into the Merchant Marines. He's written about his experiences there better than anybody else could tell them. He got torpedoed, visited half a dozen countries, or at least saw their ports, and kept writing verses every day, unconcerned by who thought he was what kind of a character by the way he dressed or acted.

After he got out, he had a new family and had to take care of them; I also had a family I was starting, so we saw each other only a occasional hootenannies.

In 1952, at a party in California, I heard him sing for the last time. He'd come out west hoping to start a new life, not

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realizing that his occasional dizzy spells were soon going to get worse and send him to the hospital forever. He sang one or two of his old songs. Then somehow he and I got started making up verses to "Acres of Clams." Woody improvised an unforgettable couple.

The first describes how he was sitting at home one day and the doorbell rings, and there's a man who says he's from the FBI, and would like to ask a few questions. Woody's following verse:

He asked, will you carry a gun for your country?
I answered the Effbee-aye "Yay!
I will point a gun for my country,
But I won't guarantee you which way!
I won't guarantee you which way-y-y-y!
I won't guarantee you which way!
I will point a gun for my country
But I won't guarantee you which way!"

Arlo Guthrie tells that when his father went into the hospital he was asked what religion he was, so it could be entered on the correct form.

"All," replied Woody firmly.

"Mr. Guthrie, we must know which religion to list you as."

"All."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Guthrie, it must be one or another."

"All or none," replied Woody.

While he was in the hospital with Huntington's disease, the wasting illness that finally killed him, young people with their guitars and banjos were already singing Woody's songs and making them famous. And of his thousands of verses, I think a large number will outlive this century.

ALAN LOMAX, PERHAPS AMERICA'S FOREMOST folklorist, calls Woody "our best contemporary ballad composer." Others say: "a rusty-voiced Homer," and "the greatest folk poet we've had."

Why are the songs great? Look through his songbooks, only a small sampling of his huge output.

Yes, the words show a fine sense of poetry, of reaching out for exactly the right word at exactly the right place. He used some fine time-tested tunes. The songs are honest; they say things that need to be said.

But above all else, Woody's songs show the genius of simplicity. Any damn fool can get complicated, but it takes genius to attain simplicity. Some of his greatest songs are so deceptively simple that your eye will pass right over them and you will comment to yourself, "Well, I guess this was one of his lesser efforts." Years later you will find the song has grown on you and become part of your life.

Woody took his tunes mostly from different kinds of American folk songs and ballads. He had a deep respect for the ballad form. He knew enough about other song forms to choose many others, but he felt that the old four-line stanza, which told a story and slowly unfolded a moral, was as good as any he could use. Woody said, "I'm not saying some of your tunes from other countries aren't good. But I wasn't raised to them, and neither are the people I'm trying to sing to. So I'm going to use the kind of tunes we understand."

Woody was a great poet; as a prose writer too, I think him a genius. He wasn't pretending to be anybody else—he was just himself. He learnt from everybody, and from everything. He learnt from the King James Bible; he learnt from the left-wing newspapers and publications; he had a devouring curiosity. I'll never forget the week he discovered Rabelais, and read through a two-inch-thick volume in a couple of days. During the following weeks I could see him experimenting with some of the techniques of style that Rabelais used, such as paragraphs full of images, adjective after adjective getting more fantastic.

Woody was highly selective and knew when he disapproved of something. He once wrote, for instance, "I must remember to steer clear of Walt Whitman's swimmy waters." Perhaps he disapproved of Whitman's unrhymed, unmetered free verse. But then, Woody himself always stuck to traditional rhymed quatrains. I think, rather, he suspected that he himself, like Whitman, had a weakness for undisciplined rambling-on and wanted to control it.

In early 1940, Woody had gotten a job paying $200 a week—a lot of money then—to sing one or two songs a week for the Model Tobacco network radio program. One of the things the Model Tobacco people wanted him to do was quit writing columns for his favorite newspaper, The Sunday Worker, weekend edition of the Communist Daily Worker. Woody euphemistically called it "The Sabbath Employee." Those columns of his are classics. He got the idea from the columns Will Rogers used to do for the New York Times. Just a few sentences with a few sharp comments on the news of the day. For example, when he went to Washington in the spring of 1940, Woody wrote: "I'm down here looking at the Potomac River; they say that George Washington threw a silver dollar across it once. It looks a little bit too far for me to do that trick, but maybe he could. After all, a dollar went further in those days."

If Woody had been willing to play along with the Model Tobacco Company and sing the songs they wanted him to sing, and quit doing these columns and his left-wing bookings, he could have stayed with them and had a successful commercial career. But he quit after a month or so.

The Model Tobacco Company tried and failed to force Woody into a respectable mold. There were other attempts. John Greenway's *American Folk Songs of Protest*, published in McCarthy-ridden 1953, contains the following:

"Once more in New York, Guthrie became associated with the Almanac Singers, and through them with People's Songs, an organization in which his individuality was quickly submerged. Before any harm was done to his style, however . . . he gradually dissociated himself from the group."

The best person to answer this is Woody himself. In 1951—just after he signed a contract with a major recording company—Woody wrote to Sing Out (founded by People's Artists, the successor to People's Songs):

"Dear Editor: When some super-reactionary friend of mine looked through several issues of Sing Out and failed to find any songs of my own making he wrote me and said: 'Thank God you're not having anything to do with that bunch.'

"I've read just about every word of every issue of Sing Out and I just want to say right now before any more of you write in to thank me that I could not agree any more or any plainer nor any stronger with Sing Out if I had wrote every single word of it, and every song myself by my own hand.

"I know everybody on this Sing Out staff just as good as I know any of the members of my own family, or any of my sisters and my brothers. I believe in peace and Sing Out believes in peace; I do my best to fight against war and Sing Out fights just as hard to stop wars as I do; I make ballad-

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songs about the news of every day and show you how Jim Crow and race hate hurts and stings and kills off a good part of my country every minute that flies by; and Sing Out sings out with songs to teach, to show, to prove to you these same terrible things; Sing Out sings out, too, to tell you about every little inch we gain in our fight against all of this reaction of hate.

"One little issue of Sing Out is worth more to this humanly race than any thousand tons of other dreamy, dopey junk dished out from the trees of our forest along every Broadway in this world. I don't know of a magazine big or little that comes within a thousand million miles of Sing Out when it comes to doing good around this world.

"More of my songs, my latest peace pieces and my later and older ballads too, will be printed in the pages of Sing Outs to come. I don't want your Tommy Glazzeye Mackarthurish [Tom Glazer had just written a song glorifying General MacArthur] cold bloody handshake nor your word of thanks nor your anything else. Whichever side Mac ain't on, I'm on, whichever side MacCarran ain't on, I am; whichever side Taft-Hartley's not on, I'm on double watch.

"Let this be the end of those remarks that I will use my record contract to fall in love with my bellybutton and forget all of the Peekskills that I've been through with Pete Seeger, Lee Hays, and Earl Robinson, and lots of others. If I do fall into ten per cent ownership of this Record Co. in the morning soon, that will not change one little word of this letter as to which side of things I am and am not on.

Your Buddy,
Woody Guthrie."

WOODY ALWAYS CLAIMED THAT HE could not theorize, that he couldn't keep up with us and our book-learning. He'd bow out of an argument rather than get tangled up in four-syllable words. He had outspoken contempt for mere cleverness. A joke was fine, a pun, a gag—he put plenty of humor into his songs. But humor was not enough by itself. There had to be some solid meat there. So in some of his most humorous songs, like "Talking Dustbowl," there's an undertone of bitter reality. I remember in 1948, when he was listening to some friends trying to write clever political parodies. Suddenly he asked, "Why are you guys scared to be serious?"

Woody was not averse to having his songs sung on the hit parade, but to my knowledge he never wrote a song with the hit parade in mind. He considered most commercial music men as slick people who foisted their own idea of music upon the country. He thought of them the way an Oklahoma farmer thought of Wall Street bankers. So Woody put out of his head the idea of making a lot of money from his songs. He'd write and sing them himself, and mimeograph copies for friends from time to time, and trust that if he put together a song which hit the spot, people would take it up as their own.

Since he frankly agreed that he couldn't tell which of his songs would be good and which would be soon forgotten, he adopted a kind of "scatteration" technique—that is, he'd write a lot of songs, on the theory that at least some of them would be good. For example, as a "research consultant" for the Bonneville Power Authority he wrote several dozen songs. Nearly all of them have some special charm. But it was one, "Roll On, Columbia," which seems destined to last for generations.

Woody scattered his genius so that it will never be all collected: rhymes, letters, notes to himself. In 1960, for instance, I came across a notebook from 1940, when he and I were singing for our supper in the Pacific Northwest. On one page there were some financial memos from me. On the next page was Woody's own memo to himself:

"The worst thing that can happen to you is to cut yourself loose from people. And the best thing is to sort of vaccinate yourself right into the big streams and blood of the people.

"To feel like you know the best and the worst of folks that you see everywhere and never to feel weak or lost, or even lonesome anywhere.

"There is just one thing that can cut you to drifting from the people, and that's any brand or style of greed.

"There is just one way to save yourself, and that's to get together and work and fight for everybody."

I learned so many different things from Woody that I can hardly count them. His ability to identify with the ordinary man and woman, speak their own language without using the fancy words, and never be afraid—no matter where you were: just diving into some situation, trying it out. When he and I used to go around singing together, we hit all kinds of places: CIO unions, churches, saloons, meetings, parties.

I learned from him how just plain orneriness has a kind of wonderful honesty to it that is unbeatable: he was going to cuss, he was going to speak bad language, he was going to shock people, but he was going to stay the way he was. He wasn't going to let New York make him slick and sleek and contented. He was going to stay a rebel to the end.

Burl Ives told me how Woody visited him right after Burl had gotten a new apartment on Riverside Drive in New York. Burl was proud of his furnishings. He had a guest room, and said, "Woody, stay overnight with me."

"Sure, don't mind if I do."

And he never took off his boots all night long. He was a restless sleeper; Burl told me that the next day he found his brand new sheets torn to ribbons by the heels of Woody's cowboy boots.

Well, that's Woody for you. He didn't always pay his bills, and he made life hard for his family and friends sometimes—always traveling, itching heels, ants in his pants. I guess I first learned what an undependable husband Woody must have been when we visited his family in Pampa in 1940. His first wife, Mary, gave up on him when he called it quits on his job with the Bonneville Power Administration. She went back to Texas.

Is that the price of genius? Is it worth paying? Maybe it's easy for me to ask that. It wouldn't be as easy for poor Mary, who was trying to build a home and a family.

But Lord, Lord, he turned out song after song after song!

I have traveled around the country and around the world singing his songs and, although Woody was in a hospital for years before his death last year, I always felt he was very much with me, very much alive. Woody is right beside me, strumming along. I know his songs will go on traveling around the world and will be translated into many languages during the coming century, and will be sung by many people who never heard his name.

What better kind of immortality could a man want?

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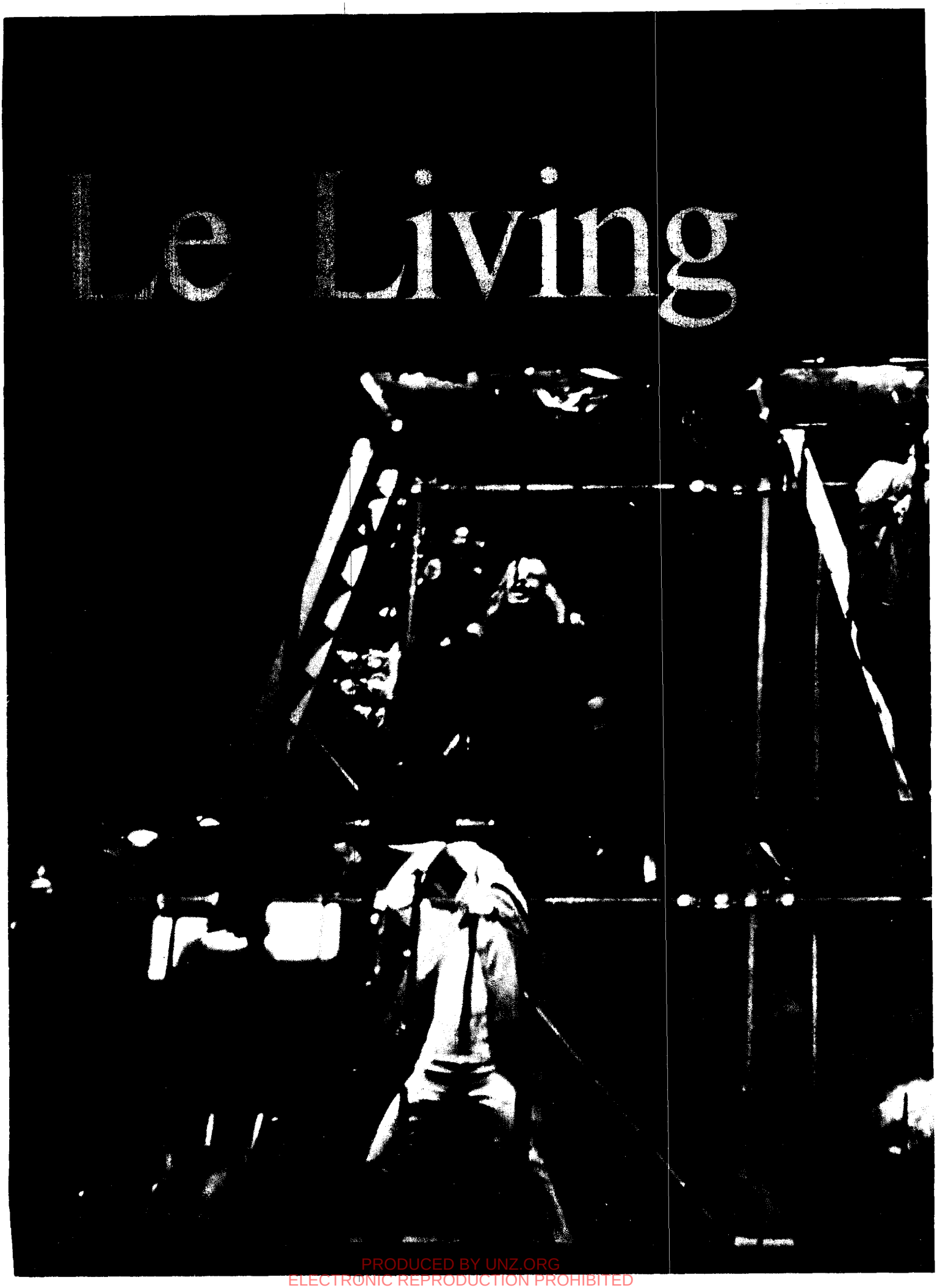
Le Living



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"In the anguished, catastrophic period we live in, we feel an urgent need for a theater which events do not exceed."

—ANTONIN ARTAUD

I. AFTER FOUR YEARS OF SELF-IMPOSED exile in Europe, the Living Theater has returned to America. Their homecoming is an event of extraordinary political significance with ramifications far beyond the narrow confines of contemporary theater. To fully appreciate the importance of the Living Theater's return and their six-month national tour, it is essential that one understand that the theater was not always an invalid, that it was not always an ineffectual, elitist and peripheral indulgence outside the central reality of America today.

Once upon a time, to attend a theatrical spectacle was to partake in a magical encapsulation of the godhead; it was a mystical purge, elevating the participant, providing him with the opportunity of involving himself in the creative experience. But the times have changed and cultural attrition has taken its toll, turning the concern of the theater from the magical to mere entertainment: mundane, without real relevance, no longer a transcendental experience. Theater today is devoted to diversion.

Now diversion may be a legitimate function of the music hall stage or the athletic field or the gambling casino, but diversion has nothing to do with the essential function of the theater, which, at the very least, must always be a matter of life or death.

"*We must recognize that the theater, like the plague, is a delirium and is communicative; that is the secret of its fascination,*" wrote Antonin Artaud, most lucid and revolutionary of all theater critics, a certified madman, and the prophet of the "essential theater."

No account of the Living Theater may omit reference to Artaud. "He is the madman who inspires us all," says Julian Beck, co-founder and co-director of *Le Living*, as the group is known in Europe. It was Artaud who, from the mental asylum at Reims in the 1930's and early '40s, intuited the paranoid reality which is our America, circa 1968. Not only did he foresee and—in his letters to Jacques Riviere—minutely describe our current crisis, but he also offered a hope in hell, an alternative to a society suiciding itself. Artaud called for a "*theater of cruelty*," which would have the force to break through language in order to touch life. He wrote, "Theater, like speech, must be free."

To touch life . . . to be touched by life . . . to recover from anomie. Artaud believed that the theater could restore our perception and return us to reality. But before this could happen, the theater itself would have to be restored, it would have to return to a pure poetic expression. Such expression would have to eschew the deceptions of language, and depend upon movements, statements by the body, unadulterated, and the unadorned sound of the human voice. He argued in letters, essays, and manifestos that such a theater could return us to our actuality, to that state where we are again capable of touching and being touched by life.

Antonin Artaud saw nothing frivolous about the theater. He died in 1948, hopelessly deranged, without ever witnessing his vision in production. But 20 years later a troupe called *Le Living* arrives in America with a theater that is not new, but one that has been too long lost; a theater we departed from at some dismal juncture of history. Perhaps the separation occurred during the period when the Western mentality began to mistake rationality for reality; we began to deprive ourselves of spiritual nourishment. We have turned our theater into an institution, and now our institutions are disintegrating. And the art facade is falling apart like everything else. This disintegration is probably what fantasists and critics refer to as the "cultural revolution."

And those who live on the arts' splendid reflection, those who bask in its reflected glory—critics and reviewers—are forever agreeing that art no longer really works; yet they cannot reconcile themselves to its demise (death of the formal! death of the traditional!) until they have been assured of what is to come. After all the art galleries are bankrupt, the libraries locked, the theaters shuttered, *then what?*

I suggest that the Living Theater is a clue to what is coming next.

II. THE COMPANY ARRIVED IN NEW HAVEN in mid-September, to begin its six-month tour of the States at the Yale School of Drama. Yale is one of the nation's foremost cultural deep freezes. Here tradition is propagated, the status quo maintained, the upper echelon educated and the established institutions defended. To put it plainly, Yale is a bastion of the *ancien régime*. It costs three thousand six hundred dollars per school year to attend Yale University. On this exclusive campus the Living Theater appeared late in September, to demonstrate the possibility of other perspectives and to offer a restoration of alternatives. . . .

The quartet of productions which comprise the Living Theater's repertoire is well beyond the limitations of current aesthetic evaluation. None of the usual rules is relevant—not even the numerical values are constant. For example, while four productions were advertised (*Mysteries and Smaller Pieces; Frankenstein; Antigone;* and *Paradise Now*), there were, in fact, *five* spectacles being presented by the Living Theater—the fifth being the entity of the group itself, the Living Theater as a community comprised of 32 life-style performers and six natural children. They are not really performers but a roving band of Paradise-seekers, defining Paradise as total liberation, practicing hypnology and advocating Paradise *now*; their presence and their function are in direct opposition to that repressive totalitarian state called Law and Order.

Their dramatic talents lie not in histrionics but in their ability to provoke, to engender, to agitate, to disturb the State—a talent which has been demonstrated all over Europe.

"We are a revolution disguised as a theater," Julian Beck says, defining the Living Theater with appropriate theatricality. Nevertheless, incredibly, he is telling the truth. Or, to put it more precisely, the truth is telling him . . . for beyond doubt, Julian Beck and everyone else in the company are caught in the throes of their Theater-As-Revolution, just as surely as their mentor, their inspiration, their poor Artaud, was caught in the merciless lucidity of his madness.

The Living Theater is a theatrical reality that Julian Beck and his wife, Judith Malina, began creating in the living room of their spacious upper West End apartment in Manhattan in 1948, and then later that year in a cellar on Wooster Street.

In 1964, the Becks and their company were evicted from the theater they had built for themselves on 14th Street. Only

Photograph by Ben Lifson

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those realists in the Internal Revenue Service would seriously expect anarchists and artists to keep up with their taxes. In this instance it wasn't a matter of moral principle so much as a case of faulty bookkeeping. Today Judith Malina ruefully reflects, "I only regret that we didn't *refuse* to pay, instead of just not having enough money to pay. . . ."

The Becks lost their theater and took themselves, their company, and *The Brig*, the play they were presenting at the time, to the Mermaid Theater in London. And then they just kept going across the Continent, creating great spectacles, great scandals and reams of controversy, along with a quartet of theatrical masterpieces. Often between engagements, *Le Living* barely kept themselves alive and together, supplementing their irregular income with occasional film work.

Wherever they went (and they went wherever they were invited) they inspired violence, hostility, devotion, great enthusiasm, bad reviews, divided audiences, and embittered theater managers. Their long tour culminated at Avignon earlier this year. The details of the debacle at the Avignon Festival are notorious, conflicting, and more a matter of gossip than hard news. Suffice to say, *Le Living* had been invited to the festival by its director, M. Jean Vilar. After 13 performances from their repertoire, they gave three performances of their latest and most inflammatory work, *Paradise Now*, and were ordered by M. Vilar and the mayor of Avignon to close *Paradise* and to substitute another play. They refused. Ugly words, riot police, charges and countercharges ensued, and *Le Living* departed the Avignon Festival.

And so in mid-September the Living Theater arrived in New York for a six-month national tour, opening at Yale at the invitation of Robert Brustein, dean of the drama school, long a champion and occasionally a critic of the Living Theater.

A few weeks previous, there had been some difficulties about required papers, work permits and visas for the European members of the company, and Brustein had sent a telegram to New York's Mayor Lindsay, asking him to intercede with the Immigration Department. In part, the telegram said, "Without exaggeration, [the Living Theater's tour] will prove to be the most penetrating theater event of recent times."

With all due respect to Dean Brustein, a penetrating theater event is one thing, but a *revolutionary* theater event is quite another.

One afternoon, two days after they arrived at Yale, Judith Malina was sitting downstage right, while on centerstage the set for *Frankenstein* was slowly going up with much clanging and banging and frantic activity. Miss Malina was waiting for the crew to finish its work so that they might begin the rehearsal for the production of *Mysteries and Smaller Pieces*, which was opening that evening. A journalist was with her, taping an interview, when Robert Brustein—tan, handsome, healthy and smiling—appeared onstage and spotted her. Evidently, this was the first in-person meeting between the two since the Becks had left America four years before.

Their colloquy contains certain clues to the liberal mentality and the radical personality.

DEAN BRUSTEIN KISSED MISS MALINA ON the cheek. "Forgive me for not being here when you arrived," he apologized. Judith Malina, rather taken by surprise, seemed a bit flustered. "We're in the midst of great preparations," she said, a touch breathlessly, waving a tiny hand in the direction of the gigantic *Frankenstein* set. She laughed quickly and added that the other three plays had no sets. Brustein assured her that he was very happy to have her and Julian and the company here at Yale. Miss Malina said that she was glad that he was glad to have them at Yale and added, apropos of nothing, that the only trouble so far was that she was positive that they (the company) were getting a distorted impression of the United States.

"We're very sheltered here, you know, and I'm afraid we're getting, well . . . a *weird view*. You know, we returned to America trembling with fear, but we've been received into the bosom of loving friends," she said with an ingenuous laugh. "Now I *know* that America isn't all sweetness and joy, I know that America isn't Paradise, you can't tell me that!"

"Jules Feiffer is up here rehearsing his new play," Brustein said. "He was up yesterday, and he'll be back on Wednesday for your opening. Jules is very anxious to see you, Judith."

"Hmmm," managed Miss Malina, who tries but really isn't too successful at the sort of civilized small talk that is the bread and butter of social intercourse. "Jules Feiffer. . . ." Miss Malina's eyes darted about. "Nice hotbed you have here."

Brustein blinked. "Pardon me. . . .?"

"I say," said Miss Malina, raising her voice, "I say that you have a good hotbed here."

"Oh yes," Brustein agreed, smiling. "Yes, it's a good place. And the students are marvelous. Solid. Very bright. . . ."

Miss Malina gave him a crooked look and asked slyly, "Are you changing?"

Brustein grinned boyishly. Charm. "Well, we're changing the theater, a little. . . ."

"Yes, but only to serve the State, right?"

"Well . . . that's not what Chekhov thought." Bob Brustein wasn't easily disconcerted. He is a knowledgeable, reasonable man. "Well, you know, when you're living under a State like this . . ." he began, but Miss Malina didn't let him finish.

"We're fresh from the French revolution," she proclaimed, impatiently. Then added provocatively, "We want to see it happen here."

Brustein's smile was implacable. "My feeling is that these are separate compartments. The French revolution didn't produce any theater, and the idea is to keep the theater alive. . . . The revolution was a happening in itself, but it didn't produce any artists of consequence, *outside of Delacroix*."

And there it was, under the spotlight. Shining bright: egg on the face. Brustein was obviously under the impression that Judith Malina was referring to the revolution of the 18th century, while she, of course, was talking about a much more recent insurrection, the student demonstrations of last May. Hadn't he been listening to her? And wasn't she listening to him? She went right on talking, insisting that "the revolution" had produced a great deal. Yes indeed . . . "It produced a whole new concept of anarchism," she pointed out, and Brustein answered, "That's not theater, it's politics."

"You can't separate the two, can you?"

"No, they're not separate, they're contiguous." Dean Brustein agreed, up to a point. "But politics and theater aren't the same thing. They aren't identical. They meet at a certain point . . . but . . ."

"They have a responsibility toward each other," said Miss Malina firmly.

"Absolutely," agreed Brustein.

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"They don't exist without each other, so it doesn't matter where you draw the line. . . ." Then she began to talk about their production of *Paradise Now*. "In *Paradise*, I think we set up a situation where that line just about fades away, even if only for a few minutes at a time . . ."

"Then you're stepping out of art and into life." Brustein obviously disapproved of a very neat trick.

"Life and art are something else at that moment . . ." Judith maintained. She went on about the theatrical experience, and the flash, and the fact that it wasn't necessary to step back and forth from life to art if your life *was* your art. Brustein listened politely and then said sensibly, "But you'd have to assume the absolute rightness of a cause, or of your cause, and theater doesn't assume the rightness of any single cause." Evidently, Brustein's theater was a democracy. And Judith Malina's theater? Anarchy. Plain and simple anarchy.

"No, you don't have to assume the rightness or wrongness of any cause," she insisted. "You just have to agree to say and do what you mean, or at least, what you believe you mean. As long as you're saying what you mean, well, then, there's no question of the rightness or the wrongness of any cause."

"You know what Ibsen said." Brustein slipped her the scholastic ploy. "Once something is articulated or formularized, it becomes false and its opposite becomes true. And there is the sense of conflict as well," he said, citing the implacable law of Western theater, The Necessity-For-Conflict, or, Why-We-Need-A-Plot-To-Put-On-A-Play. "There has to be a conflict. Two ideas. One of them right and one of them wrong. Now I feel that when the theater becomes identical with life, there's no conflict. . . ."

"*Bill, get out of the way!*" Miss Malina suddenly shouted to a tall, redheaded boy who was directly under a jerry-built, improvised excuse for a hoist which was being used to swing long sections of iron pipe from the pile onstage to the guy wires hanging from the flies. He looked up when Judith called to him. "Will you watch out. That just missed your head. . . ." She abruptly swung back to Brustein, very serious and intense. "No, the conflict is provided by the situation. For example, we're in Geneva and a Prague happens. . . ."

"But Prague was simply a steamroller of tanks over any complexities or implications," Brustein objected.

"If that's what you believed, then that's what you'd say onstage. Now you might want to say that, and I might want to say something else about Prague, you know. . . ."

Brustein sighed. "You really assume that what anybody says is right simply because they're saying it. . . ?"

"Not at all." Judith made the reality-leap. "All I am claiming is that what anybody says is really what they are saying."

Dean Brustein gulped, started to say something, swallowed it, and in a sudden burst of affection he leaned over and kissed Judith Malina on the cheek. Then he stood up and said, "Judith, you're a wonderful theater person, and you always have been. You're one of my favorites. It's going to be interesting," he said, and added with just a trace of regret, "Anyway, you've been away too long. But I have to run now." He took a step backwards. "I've got this, uh . . . this meeting, but maybe afterwards I'll come back and talk to you, or talk *at* you. . . all right?" Quick smile, and he's gone.

Judith Malina stared after him. "I talk too much," she said after a while. Then turning to the journalist, she apologized for the interruption. She gazed at the work onstage; the *Frankenstein* set was going up slowly. "I don't think we're ever going to get a chance to rehearse today . . ." she said miserably.

"Admittedly or not, conscious or unconscious, the poetic state, a transcendent experience of life, is what the public is fundamentally seeking through love, crime, drugs, war or insurrection."

—ANTONIN ARTAUD

"I've been a pacifist all my life, but I don't see how I can continue to be one without becoming a martyr."

—A BERKELEY RESIDENT after the police riot on June 30, 1968.

III.

THE BECKS ARE, BY THEIR OWN admission, anarchists and pacifists, and between them they have served 14 prison sentences over the years. Naturally, most of the Living Theater company are of the same pacifistic-anarchistic mind, more or less. They all abhor violence, insist on total liberation, continually sacrifice themselves to the passions and the furies and the enthusiasms of their audiences; they preach peace, and provoke disturbances wherever they go. Yet they are a sweet, gentle group, innocent as lambs, powerful as victims. There is something so absolute about them all, something so extreme, so excessive, and so vulnerable . . . something so religious, so positive, it's fanatical and sometimes even a trifle smug. They are so certain; they know just what they are about.

"*I have no illusions about the theater, any theater, being able to stop the war*," Judith Malina told a group of Yale drama students one afternoon. "*But I have complete faith in the ability of the theater to destroy the values, and eventually destroy the culture that created those values.*"

In this, as in many other regards, the Living Theater resembles the New Left mise-en-scene: mindless, furious, excessive. . . . Nothing can help them, nothing can stop them, and God only knows what will come after them.

Meanwhile, they are in the process of evolving what might be termed *participatory theater*. This too was derived from Artaud, who suggested that such a theater would contain a strong element of hysteria, induced by hypnological techniques such as variations of rhythmic monotonies, chants, marches, breathing exercises. . . .

That theater which Artaud called "*essential theater*" is almost wholly devoid of content. A rough outline suffices, for the purpose of this theater is to secure the commitment of those participating. This theater does not perform for an audience, but for those involved; therefore everything in it is designed to achieve maximum participation from those in attendance.

The Living Theater is extraordinarily skillful at this. Their methods are simple, basic, direct, quite effective. Essentially, they depend upon the dynamics of confrontation. They deliberately provoke the audience into reacting. This reaction is the first stage of the seduction which will take the spectator into the spectacle.

In a workshop theater under the main theater, Julian Beck and Judith Malina, Robert Brustein, and about two hundred students met one afternoon. The Living Theater had already presented two of their four scheduled productions, *Mysteries* and *Antigone*. They had succeeded in polarizing opinion. Half the drama school hated them, maintaining that they were the antithesis of theater, while the other half insisted that they were the beginning of theater. Both factions were in attend-

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ance. Julian Beck was attempting to define his method, its origins and its direction, its central concerns, its *raison* . . . above all, he wanted to make it clear that the Living Theater was a political theater without being a theater of propaganda.

Julian held forth: "When the work began in the late '40s and in the early '50s, there was a peculiar sort of aesthetic law operating, and that law, essentially, was that you may not mix art and politics. At that time, it was widely believed that one despoils the other. So we kept our *religion* to ourselves and concentrated our public efforts on our art, the theater. We were very much concerned with getting rid of the barrier between the audience and the performers." Julian Beck is an elongated, serene, yet intense man, with a bald crown, and long locks growing around his uncovered pate. He exudes a priest-like mien—gentle, inviolate, sanctified, burning, determined. A man of grace, and an accomplished enchanter, he has come quite a distance from the days when the Living Theater was an infant in his upper West Side apartment.

One of the Becks' earliest productions was Pirandello's *Tonight We Improvise*, which Julian made into an American experience, becoming the personification of Dr. Hunkfus, the dwarf who has all sorts of ideas regarding what the theater should be, and who is eventually run out of the theater. That was in the late '40s. By 1963, Julian and the Living Theater had reached a visible turning point. In presenting Kenneth Brown's *The Brig*, they had nearly ceased to be involved with text. Brown's script ran less than 15 pages. Around it the Living Theater created an extraordinary sequence of military choreography, punctuated by violent physical attacks on the actors by other actors.

"I DON'T RECALL A MORE unpleasant evening in the theater." Robert Brustein reviewed the highlights of the Living Theater's history, while Julian sat on the edge of the stage in his shirtsleeves and ate his sandwich; Judith was beside him, picking at a piece of fruit.

"It was a totally exhausting piece of theater, but it made its point." Brustein, casual in a tweed sports jacket and grey flannels, told the assembled drama students about *The Brig*. "It was brutal, but that was the point. It was one of the early glimpses into American totalitarianism; the first we have from the theater, or from any other source, of what was to come; what has come. . . .

"As you probably know," Brustein went on, "*The Brig* was finally shut down by the Internal Revenue Service. But the production didn't end there; it continued with the company climbing back into the theater after the IRS had locked them out, and bringing a good part of the audience along with them, in order to do a benefit performance for the actors, who hadn't been paid because the tax people had frozen the box office receipts. At any rate, that action brought Judith and Julian to trial.

"Now the trial itself was also an exciting theatrical event, with Judith and Julian defending themselves. . . . It was a rare moment, you may be sure, when Judith put Julian on the stand. . . . And as a result of that trial and that entire unhappy incident, the Becks decided to go into exile. This exile has lasted nearly four years, until about a week ago, when they began their marvelous and triumphant return. . . ."

Dean Brustein went on. "The first play I reviewed [for the New Republic] was at the Living Theater on 14th Street. It was *The Connection*, and it was a play that changed my mind about what the theater could be. Not because of the text, which, if you read it, you'll find is really rather crude, and improvised . . . but because of what this meant in terms of theatrical advance by these people who had somehow managed to break down the barriers between what was going on onstage and what was going on in life. Of course there was an artifice involved; you were meant to think that these junkies onstage were really junkies and not actors. And I gather that some of them were junkies, but they weren't the junkies they were supposed to be. . . . And I'm afraid that the artifice will always be a problem for them. As long as theater is an imitation, and it will always be an imitation. . . ." Dean Brustein pronounced the limits, and then used himself as an example. "I am wearing my dean's clothes, unconsciously perhaps, but still I'm wearing them in order to say something to you, to play a role. And the Living Theater wears clothing too, I think. . . . So even when they are acting themselves on the stage, *they are acting*. It is really very difficult to actually break that barrier down . . . but I think that over the years, the Living Theater is coming closer and closer to absolute zero. . . ."

Brustein tied up his introduction with a bit of drama criticism, remarking that, "The physical control of the troupe is marvelous. I don't know how this was achieved, but I gather it was a combination of continual breathing exercises, Yoga exercises, as well as living together for the last four years, and sharing nightmares and other experiences together. As a result we have a genuine ensemble. An ensemble that could be achieved only under the conditions it was achieved, in exile. A physical and a spiritual exile which brought them together where they began to discover each other through theater."

To discover each other through theater. Exactly. But then there is theater and there is theater. There is the theater of imitation which Brustein believes will remain imitative. In regards to that theater, Artaud writes: "*Why lie, why try to place on a literary level a thing which is the very cry of life? Why give an appearance of fiction to what is made up of the ineradicable substance of the soul, to what is the wail of reality?*" (Artaud's letter to J. Riviere; 25 May, 1924.)

"WHEN WE HAD OUR THEATER ON 14TH STREET," Julian told the Yale students, "we were presenting simultaneously, in repertory, *Many Loves*, *Tonight We Improvise*, and *The Connection*. So it was natural, I suppose, for many people to think that the message of the Living Theater was that you must always do plays about plays that were in rehearsal. Now this wasn't intentional on our part. At least, it wasn't conscious. But many members of the audience were taken in, and this was probably the worst part of it. People would come to the box office and demand their money back because they had paid to see a show and not a rehearsal . . . well, naturally we were very disturbed. Mainly because what we were doing was really very removed from that truth which we were always talking about.

"In the 1960's we came a few steps closer to that truth when we allowed ourselves to be more open regarding our political position. Now we have always been anarchists, pacifists, and revolutionaries, but when we were asked about the relationship between our politics and our theater, we usually implied that the two were separate things. There was the art of the theater and then there was what went into real life. Of course, this

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simply is not true. And the events which led ultimately to our departure for Europe were not tragic—in fact, quite the contrary; they were for us a liberation. We realized that it was no longer necessary to divide theater and life . . . probably because we no longer wanted to.

"From *The Brig*, we went on to create the *Mysteries*, then *Antigone*, *Frankenstein*, and now, *Paradise*, which is still in the process of being evolved. That brings us up to the present, and here we are, still grappling with the relationship between the spectator and the stage. We come the closest to grips with that problem, and with the problem of actuality, in *Paradise Now*. In *Paradise* what we have tried to do is to destroy, as fully as we can, the barriers between the performer and the public. And so in *Paradise*, everyone must become a participant. If one does not take part, one is left slightly lifeless, and one is left in another place, quite outside. And if the spectator doesn't do it, he can't see it, because there are no sight lines."

After Julian had finished speaking, Brustein raised a question concerning the purpose of the nudity in *Paradise Now*. The audience is encouraged to undress, as part of the process of liberation. Brustein maintained that as long as a person retained his reason he was still assuming the mantle of social behavior. "Even if a person is naked he still has his wits, so he really isn't liberated in the sense of being free of all restraint.

"The second point I want to bring up is do you really want to reach that state? I know that you have great faith in the unaccommodated man, but don't you also have some reservations? Aren't you a little afraid that the unaccommodated man may turn out to be a brute? There is that cruelty in nature . . ." he began, but Judith Malina cut him short.

"That's the myth we want to destroy. I think that brutality is really an attempt to break through the artificial barriers because they are so terribly painful to the natural man. He is constrained by the mythology that if he doesn't wear a hat he will become a brute. . . . I believe that the whole revolution is opposed to that. The revolution maintains that we are inhuman because we have no way to express ourselves except in false smiles and unnatural courtesies. We believe that if we can destroy the mythology of social behavior, we can demonstrate that we can live much better without all that crap."

"I don't know the resolution to this," Brustein said severely, "but of course you are aware that some very great thinkers and philosophers do disagree with your assumptions about the primal, natural state of man. . . ."

"And some very great thinkers and philosophers agree . . ." countered Judith.

"After Rousseau, I can't think of one," Brustein said. "The whole experience of the 20th century has made it impossible to accept such conclusions anymore. Excessive regulations, excessive repressions *are* brutal, but excessive freedom is even more brutal. You know the primal myth of Freud, if I may mention his name. . . ."

"We are trying to go beyond the primal myth," cried Judith, and Julian picked up the theme.

"I think that Freud did say that we have a choice between increased barbarism or increased neurosis. And when asked what to do about this, Freud replied, 'I have no advice.' But that madman who inspires us all, Artaud, does have some advice . . . by trying to rid ourselves of barbarism, we have armored ourselves against feeling and have become cold and unnatural creatures. The domination of rationalism, the domination of the intellect, our laws and our mores, have stopped us from being able to use our senses and our bodies.

"Artaud calls for a theater of cruelty, with the idea that this theater of cruelty is going to work therapeutically by gripping the spectator in the guts, and by making him feel something, not intellectually, not sentimentally, in the English sense of the word, meaning to substitute false feeling for true feeling, but to really get them with the ideas entering the body through the body. Perhaps, if we can effect that through theater, it will open other doors to feeling. Now the theater is a limited place of communication, and all therapy can't take place in the theater, so that one has to conceive of a revolutionary movement, a revolution of feeling, of increased feeling, and the destruction of the armament, starting with the clothing, our clothing which we use to protect ourselves from feeling. By getting rid of the so-called niceties, the defenses, the false forms, we may get closer to the truth, and closer to fulfillment.

"The end of that compact mentality, the end of that approach which insists that life is one thing and art another—that is one of the things we are trying to accomplish. That's why we are trying to make theater into life, and life into theater. That's why we hear so often that the real theater is in the streets. . . . We were fortunate enough to be in Paris last May during the revolution, and when the artists gathered together to discuss what they could do to aid and support the students, they began, initially, with all the old ideas. 'Well, we can make posters, we can print poems, we can do plays in the streets.' And immediately Judith said, '*To do a play alongside the barricades is to degrade the barricades!*' The actuality there in the street surpassed any false theater.

"They had mounted a heroic play, *The People Against The Repression*, and I need not add that they were playing it quite magnificently. The revolution never had a better showcase. For us to present an artificial play there was pure *ancien régime*. It was over. You couldn't do that. They spoke of taking over the Odeon, the Comèdie Française, and some other theaters in Paris, but the idea of doing plays in these theaters . . . that . . . *what?* Take over the Odeon and do *what* . . . ? Some revolutionary texts? Or Ionesco? That would be a mere *putsch*. That would be taking over the power in order to do essentially the same thing.

"When the decision to take over the Odeon was reached, it was decided to turn it not into a place where plays were done or films shown, but to make it into a place of live theater, where everybody became an actor. And what happened was a 24-hour confrontation . . . a debate . . . a marathon performance. Anybody could enter off the street and speak and receive a response. There was great ferment. . . . What I saw at the Odeon was the greatest theater I've ever seen," said Julian, and his large eyes glowed.

"We talk about that a lot in *Paradise*. About the need to get rid of the architecture of elitism, to get rid of the barrier between art and life. To bring the theater out into the streets, and the street into the theater."

"Then you'd find yourself out of a job, is that the idea?" asked a knowing voice at the back of the small theater.

Julian nodded, vastly amused. "Yes, that's it exactly. That's what is called hastening the withering away of the State. When you're an anarchist, you are interested in the greatest amount of change possible."

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HOW WELL DID THEY SUCCEED? How much change did the Living Theater effect upon even the most susceptible members of the Yale community—the drama students? Does anyone ever know whether or not he succeeds in touching another?

This much we can certainly say: after the long arguments over coffee and cigarettes, after all the pros and all the cons had been laid out in the coffee shops and kitchens around the university, and the traditional theater had been weighed and measured against the *essential theater* of Artaud and the Becks, after all the points of view had been viewed and reviewed and finally blunted, we can be quite sure that the students of the Yale drama department went to class, read their Chekhov, turned in their assignments, and hoped for better grades than they deserved.

This doesn't necessarily mean that nothing has changed because the drama students haven't liberated the University Theater yet or locked Dean Brustein up in the Green Room. Despite Strindberg's statement that the theater has always been dominated by the bourgeois, we can always discover a modicum of comfort in telling ourselves that it need not always be so. The entire situation can change, will change, in a fraction of a second, or a long half hour; that is all the time it takes to turn the structure upside down. One sudden explosion in the culture vacuum is all that it would take to shatter the dreadful *taedium vitae* (which makes schizophrenia look like a bad cold) and turn us from suicide to Paradise here and now.

Several days after the students and the Becks had met in the little theater under the big theater, the Living Theater opened its fourth and final production, their eagerly anticipated collective creation in progress, *Paradise Now*.

"IF-I-COULD-TURN-YOU-ON/IF-I-COULD-DRIVE-YOU-OUT-OF-YOUR-MIND/IF-I-COULD-TELL-YOU/IF-I-COULD-DRIVE-YOU-OUT-OF-YOUR-WRETCHED-MIND/I-WOULD-TELL-YOU. . . ."

The evening's spectacle began with members of *Le Living* roaming through the house, screaming at the audience, chanting and complaining. . . .

"I am not allowed to travel without a passport!"

"I am not allowed to smoke marijuana!"

"I am not allowed to take my clothes off . . . !"

"Free theater . . . ! Act! Speak! Do what you want, the theater is yours! Feel free . . . ! You, the public, can choose your role and act it out!"

"Free the culture! Enact the cultural revolution!"

And one voice asked, "What is the cultural revolution?"

Indeed, what is the revolution of culture? What does it mean when a gang of victims sets out to change the perceptions, alter the perspectives, revolutionize the arts, and includes the audience in this revolution? And what are the Republicans and Democrats doing about it? What are you and I doing about it? What will it do about us?

Why banality? Why a rigid system of aesthetics? Why actors and why an audience and why should people sit on chairs and tell each other stories? Why aren't we eating more art, practicing the politics of ecstasy, and rolling naked on the illuminated stage, warmed by the footlights, touching and being touched by each other? Wouldn't that be just as interesting as spending the evening attending to language? Why should language be restricted to defining experience? Why shouldn't language be an experience in itself? Why stick to words when a vast range of human sound is available? Why the hell shouldn't we ascend to Paradise?

The first performance of *Paradise Now* lasted approximately four-and-a-half hours, and at the end of that time, about three hundred people were onstage along with the regular members of the company; about a hundred or more of this number had partially or completely disrobed. And at some crucial moment in the theatrical time continuum, someone, a member of the company or a member of the audience (no one is really sure who did it) cried out, "The play is over! The theater is in the streets! The streets belong to the people! And WE ARE THE PEOPLE!"

And then some people, following the lead of Julian Beck, who marched offstage, up the aisle and out into the Indian Summer evening, clad only in a *cache sexe*, turned the night into a parade, an improvisation, a naked walk at midnight in New Haven.

I happened to be standing at the corner of Chapel Street waiting for the traffic light to change, when I saw the crowd coming out of the University Theater. And I saw, almost simultaneously, a patrol car at the light, also waiting. I saw the expressions on the faces of the officers in that car when they glimpsed the approaching mixed crowd of nearly naked and fully dressed theatergoers, walking on the sidewalk and in the street, away from the theater and into real life. That was a delicious moment. The officers had that look which comes when reason fails and there's nothing at all real about the reality, and it is easier to disbelieve your eyes than to accept what you're actually seeing. Hundreds of half-dressed people marching off the Yale campus. Going where? Why? There had been no word of any demonstrations, protests, or student uprisings. Yet there they were, a whole damned crowd of them marching right towards the patrol car. So who can blame the officers for reacting like frightened, confused men, and arresting the first ten naked people they could grab?

Julian and Judith and some other members of the cast were among those placed under arrest. Nothing unusual about that. Of course the police didn't have to use their Mace on one excited youth who was wearing only his shoes, socks, and undershorts, but then we have to remember that the police also have their point of unreality, past which they should not be pushed, else they panic and people get hurt. Naturally. Whose fault is that? If one aspires to be a real revolutionary, one must develop some compassion for policemen.

The bail was set, the charge was indecent exposure, and the Becks spent a few hours in jail while the details were worked out by their lawyers and the chief of police. Dean Brustein showed up at the station, described the evening as a "controlled occurrence," and said it was all "remarkably harmless and even gentle." The New York Times printed his comments the next morning, consigning it all to history.

It has always been my contention that revolutions should be conducted in the theaters. Further, revolutions should be remarkable, harmless, and definitely *gentle*. I would suggest that all our revolutionaries learn from *Le Living* and discard their guns, along with their clothes, and march naked up the aisles and out into the streets, to mystify and amaze policemen, and by their wonderful, outrageous, wordless eloquence, serve notice that the Cultural Revolution has commenced.

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[ART]

The Stamp Collection of Dirk Bach

THE VISUAL FORMAT of postage stamps interests me. I enjoy seeing what happens to additive images contained within borders, to serrated edges, perforations and letter forms. Moreover, it is an extremely suitable vehicle for launching protest statements —particularly ones which involve verbal messages.

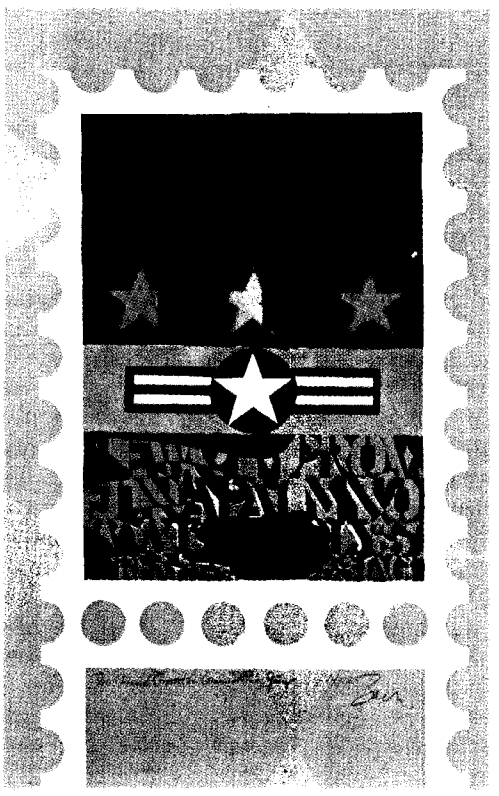
I can't recall exactly when I began this series; I think sometime in the early part of 1967. I remember that the idea was initially appealing because of the extraordinary interest Americans take in consecrating memorials of endless variety: zoos, swimming pools, park benches, forests, drinking fountains.

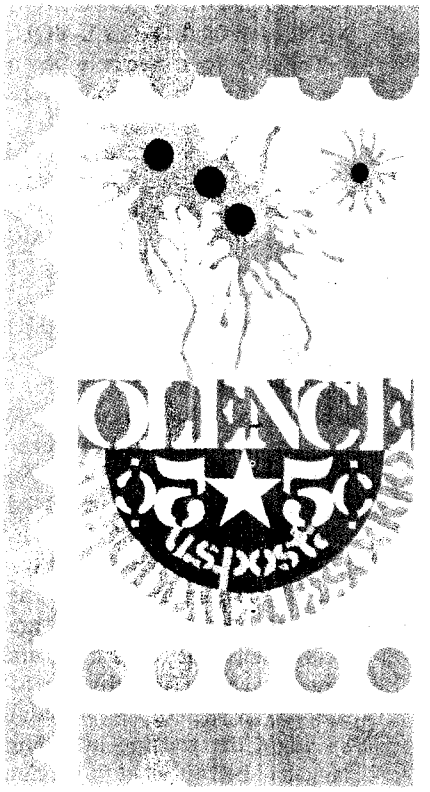
The conception and placement of the bulkier memorials, consisting primarily of artillery pieces which appear to have eternally captured their own town squares and city plazas, seem to have been prompted by a peculiar reverence for historical episodes in which extreme acts of violence have been interpreted as stunning examples of patriotism. The flimsier, less permanent memorials—particularly commemorative postage stamps—tend to be oriented toward exploiting more humanitarian issues, such as "Pray for Peace," "Nebraska Statehood Centennial" and "Law and Order."

I have obviously not concentrated on the theme of commemorative stamps in an effort to improve the design and content of our postals, although there is certainly a need for serious improvement in this area of government publications. Paintings of postage stamps are a means of communicating contemporary themes and concepts without resorting to heavy-handed contemporary visual invectives such as the all-purpose collage.

—DIRK BACH

Artist DIRK BACH *is the director of the Scudder Gallery at the University of New Hampshire. During the past few years he has had a number of one-man shows, and he is represented in many public and private collections.*





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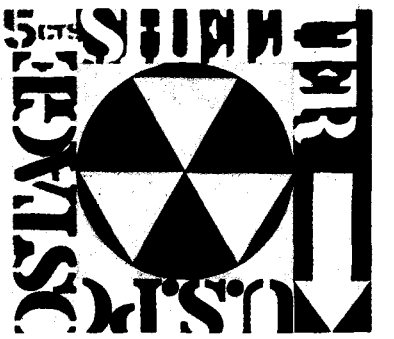

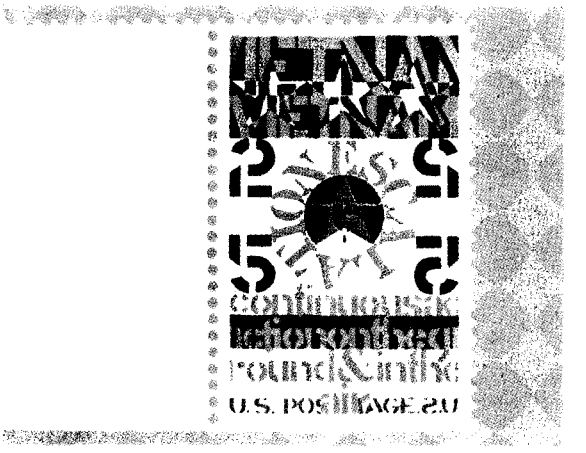

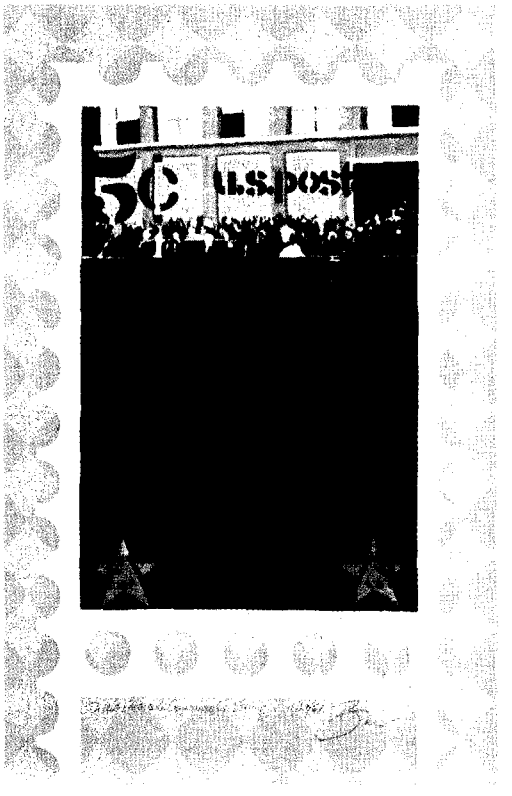

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Big Brother as a Holding Company

"The contract state of the postwar world must be viewed as a drastic innovation full of unfamiliar portents....Instead of fighting 'creeping socialism,' private industry on an enormous scale has become the agent of a fundamentally new economic system which at once resembles traditional private enterprise and the corporate state of fascism." —H. L. NIEBURG, *In the Name of Science*

[IT'S A SIGN OF THE TIMES]

"ACCORDING TO OUR COMPUTER," SAYS Robert Allan Jr., head of Litton Industries' Greek project, "there's less than 800 weeks before the present trend will be irreversible. . . . The need for food and the lack of capacity of technology in . . . underdeveloped nations will be overwhelming. . . . It's time that we got to work on it." To listen to Litton executives and to read their annual reports, one might suppose that Litton was some enormous social welfare agency rather than a multibillion-dollar defense contractor. In reality, it is both of these and more.

Litton Industries produces S&H Green Stamps and Stouffer Foods, missile guidance systems and nuclear attack submarines. It runs important programs of the War on Poverty at home. And abroad it recently secured an $800 million contract—to which Mr. Allan's statement referred—with the Greek military junta for the economic development of the whole geographical region of Western Peloponnesus and Crete. Litton is the perfect example of the new corporation extending itself beyond the limits that have divided the private oligarchies of business from the realms of responsibility traditionally reserved to government.

Already a new crop of names has appeared to describe this development, among them "New Industrial State" and "Contract State," as well as the older and more restricted term, "Military-Industrial Complex." The shape of the new social and economic system that is emerging from behind these labels is as distant from the classical image of "free enterprise" capitalism as is Allan's statement from anything that one might expect to hear from a Calvin Coolidge, much less a Henry Ford.

by David Horowitz and Reese Erlich

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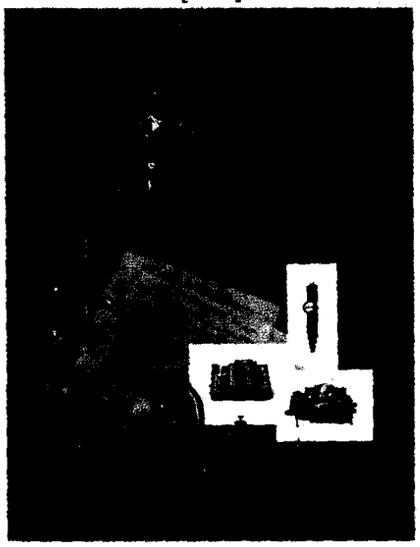
[1959]



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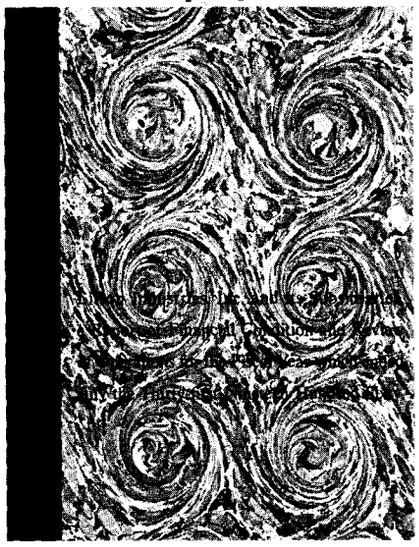

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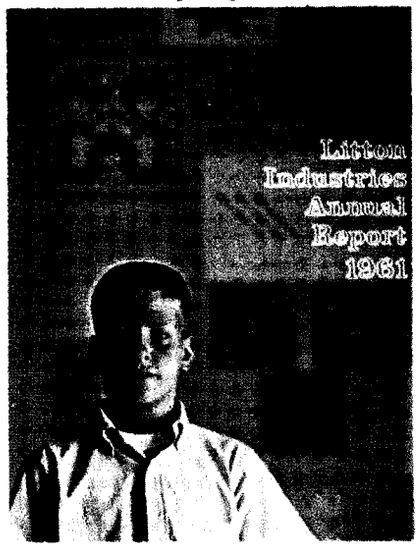

Among the corporate bearers of this brave new American future, Litton stands out as something of a paradigm and archetype foreshadowing the shape of things to come. It is not just the new corporation, but the Now Corporation. It has gathered about itself the full mystique of modernity: advanced technology, the "systems engineering" approach (a product of military contracting), electronics and space. And the mystique has paid off phenomenally well, with a corporate growth rate which Business Week says may well be the fastest in the history of U.S. business.

In 1953, when a group headed by Charles "Tex" Thornton bought Litton, then a small electronics firm, for $1.5 million, the company showed $3 million in sales. This year its worth has grown to a fantastic $1.8 *billion* level, making it the 44th largest industrial corporation in the U.S., ranking ahead of such traditional giants as Alcoa Aluminum, Coca-Cola and Dow Chemical. The aura of futuristic competence that surrounds and powers Litton's conglomerate explosion is reinforced by the higher circles of the business world: Fortune, the Social Register of the business establishment, describes Litton as "the very symbol of all that is modern in U.S. management" and calls its guiding captains "as brilliant a group as can be found at the head of any corporation in the world."

It is perhaps natural that the guiding forces of American society, frustrated by the nation's stubborn social ills which appear to be insoluble by traditional means, should turn to the methodology of military-space development as the Way to Get Things Done. Unable to confront the real moral and political dimensions of its economic and social crisis, the American leadership defines the crisis as basically a technical problem and is immensely comforted thereby: the technical problem is large, to be sure, but it is one that can be handled without any serious reassessment of American values and institutions—and without the social upheaval that might be necessary to restructure them. If engineers employed by private corporations on contract to the government can put men on the moon, it is reasoned, surely they can cure the social and economic crisis at home.

The social engineering approach to race and poverty is merely the logical extension of the pervasive liberal doctrine of pragmatic America and the "end of ideology." As John F. Kennedy, whom many look on as the last national statesman to bear the torch of idealism, affirmed in his famous Yale address in 1962: "What is at stake is not some grand warfare of rival ideologies which will sweep the country with passion, but the practical management of a modern economy. What we need is . . . more basic discussion of the sophisticated and technical issues involved in keeping a great economic machinery moving ahead."

The domestic upheavals in the years following President Kennedy's address have torn to shreds the mythology of the crisis-free welfare state. But the mythology of salvation through the application of technology by the Great Partnership between government and the private corporations has not only survived, it has risen to a new intensity of apocalyptic promise. The theme recurs across the political spectrum, though Democrats may call it a domestic Marshall Plan while Republicans and Wallacites more candidly emphasize Incentives to Business. And if the extension of the contract state means further entrance of a military-social-industrial complex into governance of American society, maybe it is just the right outfit for the job.

LITTON INDUSTRIES WAS THE FIRST corporation to take over one of the poverty program's multimillion-dollar job corps camps—whose large urban centers are now run completely by private enterprise—and was an early promoter of the "military systems" approach for other areas of national policy. As the idea has caught on, proposals have proliferated. General Bernard Adolph Schriever, special Administration consultant on housing and urban development programs, has already suggested that aerospace's management process be applied to these programs, and aerospace industrial teams have begun pushing for contracts in such areas as urban traffic management and water conservation (California's waste disposal program is in the process of being handed over to Aerojet-General). Litton, for its part, has offered to contract whole local school systems, promising to put them on a sound footing and to run them smoothly and economically—a logical step since it is already a major textbook publisher and runs a college of its own in Michigan. It is a proposal that may well appeal to harried parents and tax-ridden homeowners.

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Litton Industries has been *the* corporate success story of the postwar period just because it is the perfect product of the times, custom-made to fit the outlines of the new order. For the same reason, it is a perfect image of the economic developments of this period: the vast expansion of the military budget during the Cold War and the largest corporate merger wave in U.S. history.

While the notion of a military-industrial complex has gained currency in recent years, the *technological* underpinning of the new intimacy between government and business has gone largely unnoticed. Yet fully 70 per cent of all research and development being done in the United States today (about $16 billion worth), is paid for by the federal government, whereas a little more than 20 years ago it supported almost none at all. The significance of this for the civilian economy was spelled out recently by Litton's number two man, Roy Ash, in explaining his company's relation to the military sector. Since "almost all new products have their first application in military uses," said Ash, "we always want at least 25 per cent of our business in defense and space."

Ash's statement and the facts behind it reflect the final collapse of the cornerstone of old-fashioned capitalism. In the old days private corporations would develop technological innovations at their own expense, risking the outlay with a view to being rewarded by future returns from the competitive marketplace. This was the very essence of entrepreneurship. However, technical research has now become extremely expensive, and because of the gentlemanly pace of competition among the monopolistic giants of the American economy, these corporations are no longer forced by fear of rivals to risk such investments. So they have become accustomed to getting the government to pick up the tab before they move. These corporations have grown economically lazy, in part because *they* really *can* live better on the largess of the so-called welfare state. One of the factors that has made it possible for them to pry such huge sums of research money out of the government has been the unprecedented increase in the concentration of economic—and with it, political—power in the last decade.

This tremendous concentration movement in the economy has been spearheaded by the advance of the "conglomerate" corporations, formed by the acquisition of companies operating in diverse markets. Litton is the star of this movement, with enterprises in 18 distinct industrial categories.

To an uninitiated observer of the conglomerate phenomenon, Litton's fantastic rise has a distinctly mystifying air about it, like some kind of psychic levitation. For despite all the hullabaloo about new technologies and go-go management, Litton can point to no revolutionary innovation which has benefited the civilian economy and represents a tangible basis for its surging nonmilitary growth (about two-thirds of Litton's present sales, according to Roy Ash, are in civilian fields). One has only to think of Xerox and Polaroid, where jet-powered corporate growth and revolutionizing technology have gone hand in hand, to bring the contrast into focus. It is not that Litton produces nothing innovative or useful (if inertial guidance systems for missiles and fighter planes can be considered useful), but rather that nothing Litton has marketed seems to warrant its unparalleled record of corporate expansion. Indeed, most of Litton's technological innovations were already being developed in the 70 and more businesses which Litton has acquired—*before* they became part of the parent firm.

Yet to be mystified by this is merely to confuse what Thorstein Veblen called the "business system" with the industrial system—that is, to mistake the system of developing and implementing technologies to meet human needs for the system of making a buck off them. Litton's success is a function almost entirely of a brilliant, if sleight of hand, business strategy, with the U.S. government as silent partner. If the constituents of its success seem somewhat insubstantial to the ordinary man, the cash it has made is real. And in the "business system," it is the cash that counts.

To mastermind such a success in the business world, as in the theater, one must learn to live in an attenuated universe where the fictitious is more tangible than the real. At a very early age, Tex Thornton, the brains behind Litton, learned just that.

[GROWING UP WITH TEX]

"Tex Thornton—good abilities along a few lines but not a good all round man; is unprincipled, ruthless and is universally disliked; cannot be trusted."

—FROM A CONFIDENTIAL MEMO PREPARED BY A MEMBER OF THE PRESTIGIOUS WALL STREET ACCOUNTING FIRM OF HASKINS & SELLS; MARKED AS AN EXHIBIT IN THE STEELE VS. LITTON CASE.

TEX THORNTON IS THE PARADIGM new corporate manager of the paradigm new corporation. His career follows the now well trodden path from civilian Washington to the military to the corporate elite.

Thirty years ago Tex Thornton was a $1400-a-year clerk in Washington; today he is a university trustee, a member of the President's Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders (the Kerner Commission) and head of its special Advisory Panel on Private Enterprise. He was one of a handful of nominees considered to succeed Robert McNamara as secretary of Defense, and according to a Washington Post columnist he is—with typical military-industrial bipartisanship—presently being considered by Richard Nixon for that job. He has already achieved the coveted seat next to the President at White House business meetings. In addition to being chairman of the board of Litton, he is an "interlocking director" of such giants as TWA, Lehman Corporation, General Mills, the Western Bancorporation (a bank holding company for the Bank of America interests) and Union Oil. Needless to say, in Thornton's new circles being a millionaire is not at all unusual, but he has already made $80 million and is aiming for the status of centimillionaire. If the market for Litton stock holds up, he will soon make it. Tex Thornton has come a long way, and the Horatio Alger award he received in 1964 was shrewdly given.

Soon after Tex was born in a small north central Texas town, his father ran off, leaving his mother to drill him in the manly art of finance. When he was just twelve, she was already encouraging him to use his earnings from odd jobs to buy land, instead of frittering his money away like a kid. He eventually accumulated nearly 40 acres. By the time Tex was fourteen, every store in town would accept his personal check. And he was all of nineteen when he launched his first real business venture: a combination gas station and Chrysler-Plymouth dealership.

Later, setting his sights always higher, he enrolled in Texas Technological College, starting first in engineering, but switching quickly to business administration—after all, the engineer

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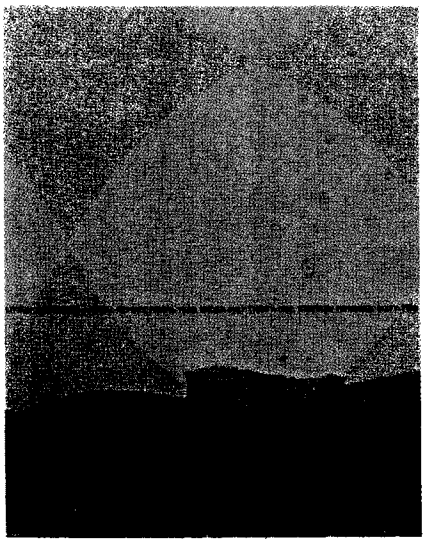
[1962]



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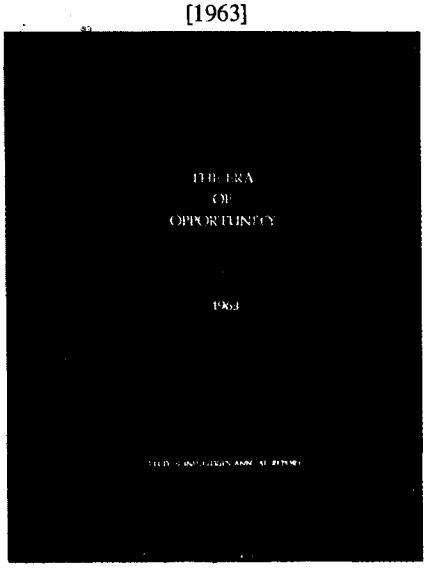

[1964]

works for the businessman. He quit Texas Tech in his junior year and took off for Washington to check out the action in the School of Life. In Washington he returned to college and got his Bachelor of Commercial Science in 1937. His first job was as a clerk in the Department of the Interior.

For four years Tex was unable to find that combination of business-military-political influence which he needed to power his ascent. When he did find it, its name was Robert Lovett, Wall Street banker and assistant secretary of War. Lovett was not just a run-of-the-mill Wall Street banker, either; he was destined to become—in the euphemism of such a scholar as Arthur Schlesinger Jr.—one of the co-chairmen of the American establishment. Highly impressed with the twenty-eight-year-old Tex, Lovett suggested that he join the Army (it was pre-Pearl Harbor 1941) as a second lieutenant. Apparently a brilliant officer, Thornton received his first promotion within 48 hours. A series of such jet-assisted takeoffs made him one of the youngest full colonels in the U.S. Army, at one point with as many as 2800 *officers* working for him around the world. Like the present secretary of Defense, Clark Clifford, whose military career had a striking resemblance to Thornton's [see RAMPARTS, August 24, 1968], Tex never left his desk. Yet the War Department honored him with a Legion of Merit, a Commendation Ribbon with two oakleaf clusters, along with a Distinguished Service Medal that Tex still wears on his lapel. "It's the kind of thing a guy would wear," observes one of his detractors, "if he wanted you to think he had been a big combat hero during the war."

It was at this point that Tex's instinct for the Combination manifested itself. The federal government, with an assist from banker Lovett, had gathered, as if for Tex's own benefit, an array of managerial talent which, if offered in the right package on the business market, could command a premium price. So Tex organized nine of his subordinates into a team—later known as the Whiz Kids—and offered it to Henry Ford II with price tags of around $10,000 a year each on the nine, and $16,000 on himself, the commanding officer. With Lovett's blessing, Tex sold his package. Ford did not do too badly on the deal, gaining four future divisional bosses and two presidents of the company, including Robert Strange McNamara who was later to become—on Robert Lovett's nomination—secretary of Defense.

AT THIRTY-TWO TEX HAD BECOME director of planning for one of the giants of U.S. industry. Within only a few years, however, Thornton's ambition brought him into collision with his superiors at Ford. So he offered his services to Hughes Aircraft. Apparently, Thornton was not exactly welcomed with open arms. Noah Dietrich, then financial head of the company, strongly objected to hiring him. But with the help of two of Tex's old Army buddies, Generals George and Eaker, who were on the board, Dietrich was overruled. As assistant general manager Tex took command of operations and hired his future right-hand man, Roy Ash—a Bank of America statistician with no accountancy training—to be assistant comptroller. Ash had been one of Thornton's subordinates during the war.

Hughes' business, especially with the newly independent Air Force, boomed. In 1948, Hughes did a total of $2 million in sales. By 1953, when Thornton left Hughes, the figure was $200 million. The biggest boost came from the Korean War and an exclusive contract to produce a special Fire Control System (a device to regulate the firing of aircraft guns). The contract with the government for the control system was on a "fixed price, redeterminable" basis; that is, a price was agreed on at the outset which could be "redetermined" if costs increased. Based on the ongoing costs of material, Hughes received periodic "progress payments."

Thornton and Ash were very anxious to have Hughes Aircraft make a profit on this contract—a little too anxious, it would seem. According to sworn court testimony which convinced the jury in the case of Steele vs. Litton Industries (although the judge suspended the verdict on a legal point), and a number of other suits and counter-suits, the following picture emerges:

Hughes Aircraft's accounting department was unable to keep track of the costs under the fire control contract and began falsifying the affidavits they were required to submit to the government regularly, stating the current costs. Thornton and Ash found out about this, but far from stopping the procedure, they encouraged it. James O. White, one of the company's accountants, gave the following testimony:

Q: In substance, did somebody tell you that Mr. Thornton had said that, "We want to file false affidavits"?

A: In substance, yes.

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Q: Who was this?
A: Ash.
Q: What did he say?
A: He said, "Tex wants to get the money and we're to do it any way we can to get it."

Another means of cheating the government was artfully described as "midnight requisitions." Clerical personnel were called in after-hours and on weekends and told to fill out millions of dollars worth of phony requisitions. Again James White's testimony explains:

"They [the requisitions] were filled out by people who had no knowledge of the facts, who had not used the parts, who had not withdrawn them from stores. They were put into the records as though they had. They were made to look as though they had been proper. They were backdated. They were made to look as though they had been handled by factory people instead of office people, dirtied, in other words, to make them look old and genuine as having come through the shop. They were complete forgeries."

Eventually a group of five CPA's revolted and refused to continue these procedures for fear of losing their certificates. When they told Thornton they would resign, he told them to be quiet and be "good company men." They went to General Harold George, nominally head of the company, but his position was that, "This is something . . . generally indulged in by other military contractors," and he "didn't think there was anything out of order."

The CPA's resigned after taking their case to the Hughes directors. But Secretary of the Air Force Harold Talbott had already learned of the indiscreet management at Hughes and had given Howard Hughes himself an ultimatum: "Either change your management or sell the company. By God, I'll give you 90 days."

On September 1, 1953, Howard Hughes locked Thornton and Ash out of their offices. By February of 1954, Hughes Aircraft had paid back some $43 million to the Air Force which had been "misappropriated" during the stay of Thornton and Ash.

THE LOCKOUT AT HUGHES WAS TEX Thornton's lucky day. For at the same time as he was being kicked out, there was a massive walkout of disgruntled top engineers and executives, men who went on to found such stars of the conglomerate aerospace field as TRW and Teledyne. Tex managed not only to lose himself in the exiting crowd but also to take some talent with him. Emmett Steele, with an ingratiating personality and invaluable contacts in the Pentagon, was to become his sales manager, and Hugh Jamieson his top engineer.

Meanwhile, Charles V. Litton, owner of Litton Industries, having suffered a family tragedy, was ready to sell his small electronics firm. And Thornton and his team were on the lookout for just such a deal. However, Litton apparently regarded Thornton as untrustworthy and was reluctant to sell to him. At one point he even broke off negotiations. According to Litton, it was Jamieson and Steele who finally convinced him to sell. (This was a key point in the breach of promise suits which the two later brought against Tex for allegedly defrauding them of their original shares of founders' stock. Jamieson, who had agreed to testify in Steele's case as well, suddenly settled out of court for a sum estimated at anywhere from $3 million to $20 million.)

With Litton ready to sell, all that Tex needed was cash to consummate the deal, and that meant a trip back to Robert Lovett's milieu and the giant investment banking house of Lehman. Joe Thomas, Lehman's partner and a fellow Texan, provided $1.5 million to buy Litton, in exchange for 75,000 of the original 575,000 shares. Common stock cost Lehman's investors ten cents a share. During the next decade and a half it sold for as much as $150. It was no doubt one of the best deals the Lehmans had cut since they helped finance the slave South's cotton crop during the Civil War.

[NUMBERS GAMES]

". . . it was obviously only a question of time before some smart fellows would start building companies not around the logical progression of a business but around what would beef up the numbers." —"ADAM SMITH," *The Money Game*

WHEN TEX THORNTON AND COMPANY took over Litton, it was essentially a laboratory production office, a very modest enterprise. After four years under the new management, Litton's annual sales had risen from $3 million to $100 million—and that was just the beginning.

The traditional conception of the growth of a business brings to mind images of the firm selling more of its products, creating new ones, and building new plants to produce more to sell. Only a fraction of Litton's growth, in fact, was achieved in this way. Of the $97 million increase during Tex's first four years, for example, sales from Charlie Litton's original firm accounted for only $11 million. The rest of the increase in sales resulted from the acquisition of some 17 previously existing companies and their incorporation into a new overall financial superstructure: "Litton Industries, Inc." As Thornton explains, "We had to grow fast. There wasn't time to learn a business, train people, develop markets. . . .We bought time, a market, a product line, plant, research team, sales force. It would have taken years to duplicate this from scratch."

Buying, not building, was the formula of Litton's growth. To understand how a small firm with limited resources *can* buy itself into bigness, one must understand how corporate growth can feed on itself. For the very act of merger creates new power to merge on an even larger scale through its effect on the value of the corporation's stock.

The value of the stock and therefore of the corporation is not determined by adding up the values of tangible assets: cash reserves, inventories, equipment, plant and so forth. The value of the stock is determined by what people are willing to pay for it, and they will pay more now if they expect its value to rise in the future. Of course these are not just expectations of expectations, but are ultimately derived from an assessment of the potential for real growth of corporate assets and earnings.

Expectations, however, are by nature intuitive, and intuition can be influenced by all kinds of intangible factors. Jack Dreyfus, head of one of the biggest mutual funds on Wall Street, once commented wryly on the subjective "glamour" factors which have gone into making the stock of corporations like Litton highly valued on the market, by offering his own prescription for such a success: "Take a nice little company that's been making shoelaces for 40 years and sells at a respectable six-times-earnings ratio. Change the name from

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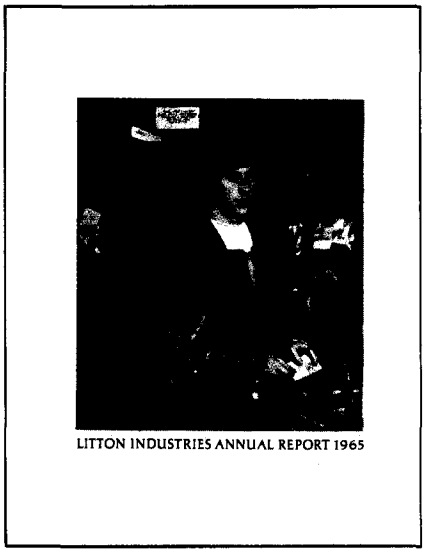
[1965]



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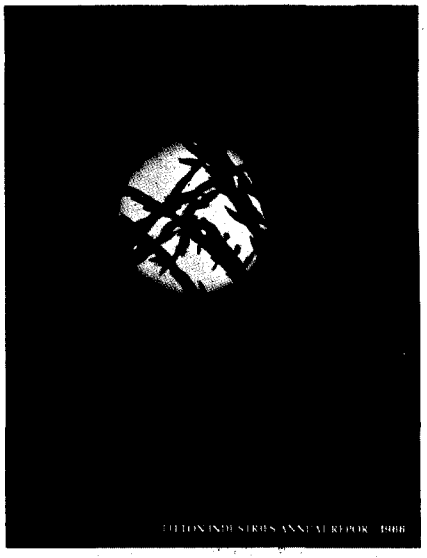

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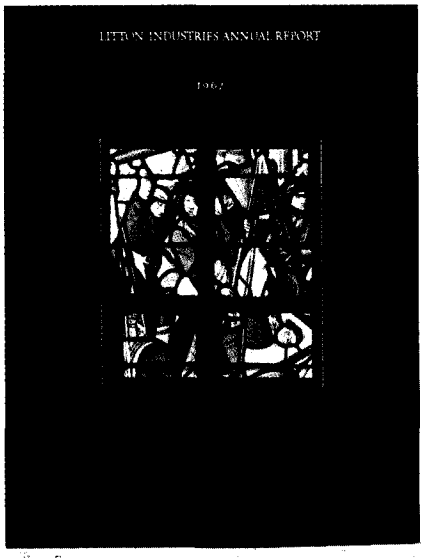

Shoelaces Inc. to Electronics and Silicon Furth-Burners. In today's market, the words 'electronics' and 'silicon' are worth 15 times earnings. However, the real play comes from the word 'furth-burners,' which no one understands. A word that no one understands entitles you to double your entire score. Therefore, we have six times earnings for the shoelace business and 15 times earnings for electronics and silicon, or a total of 21 times earnings. Multiply this by two for furth-burners and we now have a score of 42 times earnings for the new company."

The key to conglomerate growth is the fact that a company's stock can be—and ordinarily is—the "money" that is used to purchase another corporation. So a smart businessman can make the process come full circle. By successfully creating a glamorous "growth image" on the stock market that excites expectations of real future growth, he can drive the value of his stock up. This then gives him new "money" with which to buy *real* assets in the form of another corporation: in other words, his business can grow in fact and not just on paper, thereby confirming the expectations he aroused and further strengthening the image. And so the circle becomes a spiral of increasing growth.

It is small wonder, then, that creating a glamour image is a major preoccupation of conglomerate managements like Litton's. Indeed, Litton was a pioneer in converting the traditionally staid Annual Report to Stockholders into a high-class Advertisement for Myself. Litton's reports look more like catalogues from Pasadena's Huntington Museum of Art than informational materials from a major industrial corporation. Abraham J. Briloff described it in the Financial Analysts Journal: "Litton's 1967 report is, as you undoubtedly know, a most beautiful document . . . which symbolizes the ethics of 20th century commercial life in the New Industrial State . . . distorted in my view is the series of graphs most beautifully set to type at page 55 of the annual report. . . . The curves which the eye is invited to make are optical illusions capable of inducing inappropriate investment decisions."

Another art which is employed in the production of a glamour image is creative accounting. This important technique of the Big Growth game is made possible by the looseness of the principles under which firms are audited. The usual methods are not as crude as those that were used at Hughes Aircraft, but their effects can be pretty significant.

As the pseudonymous "Adam Smith" notes in *The Money Game*, "Numbers imply precision, so it's a bit hard to get used to the idea that a company's net profit could vary by 100 per cent depending on which bunch of accountants you call in, especially when the market is going to take that earnings number and create trends, growth rates, and little flashing lights in computers from it. And all this without any kind of skulduggery you could get sent to jail for." An explanation for this legal generosity was given by the real Adam Smith, the 18th century prophet of the free enterprise system. The very purpose of government, he wrote, was "to secure wealth, and to defend the rich from the poor."

THE SPREAD BETWEEN ONE SET of figures and another can be the difference between a real glamour stock and a merely good performer, as evidenced by Litton's 1967 report, which with one flick of the accounting wrist boosted the figure for the increase in the corporation's earnings over the previous year from 15 to 26 per cent. This was accomplished by ignoring the pre-merger earnings of newly-acquired companies when estimating the increase. And this is only one of the gambits available to merger oriented firms. As "Adam Smith" observes, "If you are busy buying and selling companies, every time they pass through your accounting firm you get the chance to try to describe artistically some of the assets as earnings, to capitalize costs that have previously been expensed, and in general to create what Wall Street is looking for, which is a neat pattern of constantly growing earnings."

Conglomerates are so obviously based on highly speculative, not to say shady, principles that even the Wall Street Journal has been prompted to take off its gold-rimmed rose-colored glasses for an instant and ask a few probing questions about them: how much of their growth is based on improved products and efficiencies and how much reflects the attractive arithmetic of acquisition and the temptations of empire building? . . . Can they be managed efficiently?

This last question has an especially poignant ring for Litton's supermanagers. In 1968, Litton's second quarter report admitted a disastrous 30 per cent earnings drop (Litton's stock

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price plummeted nearly 50 per cent at the news), reflecting managerial errors so gross that not even the most creative accounting techniques could cover them up.

The mistakes affected several of Litton's divisions, including its business furniture, Royfax duplicators, Monroe calculators, and its Royal typewriter line. But the biggest error of all provided the clue to the overall pattern of Litton's debacle. The Litton shipyard, which had been accustomed to a rich diet of cost-plus contracts at the government trough ("Your chances of losing money" under such contracts, admits a Litton executive, "are not too great"), had for the first time bid competitively on a package basis for the construction of automated merchant vessels—a *civilian* contract under which you don't get to come back for more money if you can't make it at the agreed-upon price. The result of this market test was that Litton underestimated the costs, submitted a bid that was too low, and instead of netting a profit, had to write off a loss of $8 million.

In what must rank as the understatement of the year, Fortune, after noting that the key to Litton's setback was its inability to stand the test of the relatively competitive civilian market, observed: "The requirements for profitability in government work are less exacting than those of the private marketplace." They certainly are.

Under government contracts there is a decided lack of competitive strictures. Little or no capital is risked by the corporation. If it makes errors of judgment, timing, cost analysis and so forth, there are no competitors to take advantage of its mistakes. And it has an enormously understanding buyer. If costs are underestimated, they can always be adjusted up through contract renegotiation. One former Litton executive with responsibilities in this area estimated that as a matter of *normal* practice, Litton in the course of production and development renegotiated its contracts to one and a half times the original price—a nice margin for inept planning and mismanagement.

In short, its vulnerable, soap-bubble growth strategy could never have carried Litton so far had it not possessed the ability, though a small firm at the outset, to get a front-line position in the prime military contract game and latch on to that secret fuel which alone can launch space age corporations towards the moon: the financial largess of the state.

[CONTRACTING NATIONAL SECURITY]

. . . the creation of the U.S. Air Force as a separate military service . . . may have had more important consequences for U.S. industry than any other event in recent decades."

—FORTUNE, SEPTEMBER 1968

THE HIGH POINT OF LITTON'S close connections in Washington was reached during the reign of Tex Thornton's one time subordinate, Robert McNamara, as secretary of Defense. Thornton, who was often a breakfast guest at the Pentagon, claims never to have talked business with the secretary during those visits. But, as the executive of another corporation in the contract field observed in a RAMPARTS interview, "A clever man would merely let it be known that he was having breakfast with McNamara every other morning. When talking to procurement officers and the like, he wouldn't even have to mention McNamara's name."

The subtle but far-reaching significance of good connections was pointed out by the leading student of the military-industrial complex, Professor H. L. Nieburg: "Officials in the lower reaches of the government bureaucracy (both civilian and military) charged with administration of contracts, find themselves dealing with private corporate officials who often were their own former bosses and continue as companions of present bosses and congressional leaders who watchdog the agencies. A contract negotiator or supervisor must deal with men who can determine his career prospects; through contacts, these industrial contractors may cause him to be passed over or transferred to a minor position in some remote bureaucratic corner, sometimes with a ceremonial drumming before a congressional committee."

Among Litton's vice presidents are Joseph Imirie, a former undersecretary of the Air Force, and John H. Rubel, a former assistant secretary of Defense (a key member of the McNamara team). But what may be Litton's most important connection is Tex's close friendship with George Mahon, chairman of the vital House Appropriations Committee. Mahon's Texas district lies near Thornton's home town, and Tex has been friendly with him since the Whiz Kid days at Ford. According to the previously quoted executive, Mahon "is a very dedicated public servant, but he doesn't know how to handle the power he has. This friendship [between Mahon and Thornton] has had more to do with the growth of Litton's military contracts than any other factor. Tex has played Mahon like a fiddle."

But political strings are only half the story. More than anything else, it is the defense contracting system itself, as it evolved after World War II, which has created the new and sinister relationship between the giant corporations and the state.

Following the profiteering scandals of World War I, which revealed that American business had milked the American taxpayer by "sliding" price policies on military contracts, and had spent the lives of many American soldiers by producing cheap, shoddy equipment, the practice of competitive bidding on government contracts was instituted to simulate the open market. The two armed services developed their own "in-house" design and production capabilities which served to measure and check outside performances. Under the pressures of the Second World War, contracting procedures on aircraft, ordnance and ammunition reverted to the cost-plus basis which had inspired the earlier scandals. Then a series of developments after the war produced the current unprecedented state of affairs.

First, as part of a movement heralded as a return to "free enterprise," plants, factories and facilities built by the government during the war were either sold to private corporations, usually at a fraction of their original cost, or were leased at nominal fees to contractors, to use for military contracts. This largely deprived the government of the performance "yardstick" of its in-house facilities.

Second, the Air Force was established as an independent military service. Naturally, it did not have the already built in-house capabilities of the other two services, so it hired out the entire process of designing, producing and even maintaining weapons systems, instead of presenting its own designs to contractors for production. This necessitated a cost-plus contractual basis, since no prearranged price could

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be fixed for so indeterminate a process. In addition, the Air Force's prime contracting corporations, now responsible for complete weapons systems, had to establish, in the words of one Congressional Report, "procurement organizations and methods which proximate those of the government." These prime contractors were thus in a position to force subcontracting small companies out of business, acquire their proprietary information, make or break geographical regions and decide a host of other critical issues of national import, without even the quasi-democratic checks imposed on the federal bureaucracy. No wonder H. L. Nieburg has warned of the ominous erosion of public control by the giant aerospace companies and has dubbed the whole relationship "the contract state."

Once established, prime systems contracting quickly spread to the other services. A losing battle with the Air Force for responsibility for missile program development taught the Army that its extensive in-house capabilities and technical independence were a distinct disadvantage. For in the political struggle over missile development, the Air Force's corporate prime contractors constituted a powerful lobby in Congress against which all the in-house expertise of the Army was of no avail. A quick learner when the future of its bureaucracy is at stake, the Army began to disband its in-house facilities and to surrender its jurisdictional and discretionary capacities to private industry and the latter's impressive political power. For any corporation in advanced technologies on the way up, prime contracting soon became the indispensable order of the day.

FROM THE OUTSET, THE NEW Tex Thornton team at Litton had its eyes on the really big electronic equipment and systems markets. They were determined not to be pikers and they knew their way up the federal escalator, but they needed a break. In 1954, a team of Litton scientists headed by Dr. Henry Singleton appeared ready to give them one. He outlined a project for miniaturizing an inertial navigator and guidance system. Perfecting such a system was of paramount importance to the military, for it would be the only kind of navigational system that could not be electronically jammed. Further, a missile guided by such a navigator would not emit signals that would disclose its whereabouts. The military had already set out the objectives of such a system and various working devices had been produced, but they all weighed from 500 to 1000 pounds, too heavy for aircraft and missiles. Thus, Singleton was proposing an innovation that would revolutionize the field.

All that was needed to attempt to develop the system was capital. Of course the Litton management, well oriented towards the new age, had no intention of putting up their own money, or of raising it through old-fashioned loans or investors. For to raise capital in that way would entail risks and obligations. What Litton really needed was a banker who would not seek repayment of capital (with interest) if the investment bore no fruit, and if the project should come through, who would not insist on reaping any return on his investment. Could there *be* such a banker? Litton thought so.

With nothing but a wooden mock-up of the proposed navigator and a ten-cents-a-mile expense account for its station wagon, the Litton sales team set out to sell a miniaturized inertial navigation system to the Army Air Corps. In 1956, they finally convinced the purchasing agents at Fort Huachuca, Arizona, to finance the development of a prototype. For its proposal, Litton got a fixed price redeterminable contract for $214,902.

With the Fort Huachuca contract safely tucked away in their display kits, Litton salesmen then made the rounds of various other government agencies and aerospace firms, stressing the advantages of getting in on the ground floor with contracts for the navigators while the opportunity lasted. In 1957, Litton contracted to produce for Grumman, the chief Navy aircraft supplier, 68 of the navigators for Navy planes. By 1959, this contract was worth some $7,400,000. In subsequent months, Litton used its new foot in the door with Grumman to sell them additional items, until their total contracts amounted to a full $10 million.

According to the Steele case testimony of John McDonald, then head of Litton's electronics division's contract negotiations, Litton's engineers did successfully achieve the new revolutionary design. But Litton never delivered the prototype navigator to the Army, which had originally paid for it; instead, it used the design to fulfill its contract with Grumman Aircraft. All the Army got was a bagful of disassembled parts. In 1960, the Army purchasing officials canceled Litton's contract "for the convenience of the government."

As for Litton, it had won for itself a tremendous future contracting position for electronics and guidance systems in missiles, planes and even ships, on which all the federal giveaways on costs and profits would be multiplied a thousandfold. No longer a little laboratory but a real comer in the field, Litton was now ready for a really golden opportunity: a major subcontract for the guidance system of the F-104 Starfighter jet. And when Germany decided to incorporate 700 F-104's into its postwar *Luftwaffe*, Litton bought two German companies just to produce the guidance systems for their version of the plane. Unfortunately, the *Luftwaffe's* Starfighter turned out to be, in the words of Business Week, "an essentially American product that now bears the blackest name in the history of German aviation." At least 83 of the planes crashed, killing 42 pilots and forcing Litton to modify the guidance system. Some time later a further modified version of Litton's navigator was installed in America's newest fighter plane, the ill-fated F-111, McNamara's notorious pet project and one of the costliest boondoggles of all time. The prime Navy contractor for that plane: Grumman Aircraft.

[CONTRACTING A MODERN INDUSTRY]

"The aerospace industry, with its intimate contacts in the Department of Defense, is making its move now to take over the entire maritime industry in the United States. Unless the maritime industry recognizes its real enemy, the military-industrial power of the aerospace industry will suceed."

—FROM A FULL PAGE AD IN THE NEW YORK TIMES, OCTOBER 24, 1966, PLACED BY THE CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD OF THE NOW DEFUNCT SAPPHIRE STEAMSHIP LINES.

THE AMERICAN MARITIME INDUSTRY had been ailing badly since World War II. Even the captive business of the U.S. Navy and a big federal subsidy on non-military business (paying the difference, up to 50 per cent, between U.S. shipbuilders' inflated prices and those of foreign rivals) couldn't sustain sales. The Swedes and the Japanese had surpassed them technologically, and protective government assistance had merely allowed the gap to widen. So

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in the early 1960's, the U.S. Navy, which bought 80 per cent of the industry's output anyway, decided to act.

The Navy—then the last holdout—decided to adopt the Air Force's "total package" or "weapons system" approach: a single shipyard would be given a supercontract to design a ship and build a fleet of them. The extraordinary scope of the order would require the contractor to build a new shipyard with modern assembly line features unavailable in then current U.S. shipyards. And because the contract was for a total package, the contractor would have to plan everything from the skills of the crew to the maintenance requirements.

Of course no one in the maritime industry at that time was even remotely equipped to handle this kind of operation. In essence, it was a plan to vault over these moribund corporations, arriving in one jump at a new technological level by turning the shipbuilding business over to the only corporations who were already equipped for the "systems" approach: in a word, aerospace. And among the aerospace corporations, those fortunate enough to have had a head start in the maritime field would naturally be ahead of the game.

The Navy did not announce its decision to adopt this new approach until after 1963. But long before the announcement came, Litton somehow managed to get a sniff of what was in the wind. As Roy Ash explained, "We saw some developments coming and thought we could be a part of them. One thing we foresaw was an expansion of the practice—it was already established in the Air Force and for Navy aircraft—of turning to industry for help in developing total weapons systems." So in 1961, Litton picked up Ingalls, an ailing shipyard with $60 million in annual sales, for $8 million and an agreement to pay $9 million in debts to the Navy. Ingalls got a number of contracts over the next few years—for one amphibious assault ship here, six cargo ships there.

Then in November 1965, the big deal went up for grabs: McNamara announced approval of a large integrated system of Fast Deployment Logistics (FDL) ships. These "floating warehouses"—perhaps as many as 30 of them—would be stationed strategically around the world, ready to move quickly into "trouble spots" to back up U.S. troops with ammunition, C-rations, tanks, etc. The FDL was the first ship to be handled under the Navy's new weapons system approach.

Several shipbuilding companies were in the initial bidding for the contracts, but they all either dropped out or were eliminated. The final stage of bidding included three aerospace giants: Litton, General Dynamics and Lockheed. Each got $5 million in contracts to finish plans for the FDL and the yard. Of course each would need a site for its yard. According to the Wall Street Journal, climate ruled out New England and the steep cost of steel and highly unionized labor made the West Coast undesirable. That left the U.S. domestic colony of cheap labor: the South.

Litton, of course, luckily already had a location in the South, in Pascagoula, Mississippi: Ingalls shipyard, to be exact. But they still needed to find a way to finance the new yard, which according to informed sources at the time would cost $100 million to build. And this time the federal government was not putting up the money. But there are state governments too. Already the largest employer in Mississippi, Litton went straight to the state capital and threatened to take their new yard to Tampa, Florida, if they did not get cooperation. Mississippi quickly agreed to build the most modern shipyard in the world and hand it back to Ingalls on lease at a minimal price. Governor Johnson called a special legislative session in order to pass a $130 million bond issue (the extra $30 million was interest). In October 1967, the bond issue was approved by Mississippi voters.

Of course the people of Mississippi would "own" the leased-out shipyard, though they would not reap the profits from or control its operation. For their $130 million investment they would get an estimated 12,000 jobs, at Pascagoula wages and under special "long-term" union contracts ("yellow dog" is such an old-fashioned phrase). Litton also rewarded its Mississippi friends by writing into its contract the latest in sophisticated legal loopholes to help the shipyard bosses keep blacks out of the good jobs for as long as possible.

Yet, despite all this stage setting, Litton still had not been awarded the contract. So they set 200 experts to work on a winning design, under complicated and difficult new CF-CD (Contract Formulation; Contract Definition) procedures that had been worked out by McNamara's assistant secretary of Defense, John H. Rubel.

Once again, Litton was in luck: in the interim Rubel had shuttled over from the Defense Department to head the Litton team working on the bid. Having helped toss the plum in the air, he was right on the spot to catch it. Unfortunately, however, just as Litton won its $2 billion prize, the project hit a snag. Congress refused, first in 1967 and again this year, to appropriate the money for the FDL's. In the Senate debate even Richard Russell, chairman of the Armed Services Committee, expressed concern that the ocean-going bases might contribute to "an impression that the U.S. has assumed the function of policing the world and can be thought to be at least considering intervention in any kind of strife or commotion occurring in any nation of the world." Of course, an embittered Litton backer might note that military land bases may have a special place in Senator Russell's heart, since he has blessed the construction of 19 of them in his home state.

But do not fear for Litton; it is an unwritten law of the contract state that what the Navy brings to birth it does not allow to die. The Navy will see that Litton, its answer to the decrepitude of the U.S. maritime industry, is well taken care of. Since the first congressional slash, the Navy has already salved Litton's wounds with at least $1.2 billion in new contracts.

And Litton's now modernized shipbuilding enterprise, which has already become the largest producer of automated cargo ships in the world, can still, like the older maritime companies, mark up its price to civilian buyers 50 per cent above the prevailing world market price and have the difference paid by U.S. taxpayers—through the nose. Litton's relationship with the Navy was summed up quite well by Senator Stuart Symington: ". . . Litton has got the whole bag now."

Part Two of this article, appearing in the next issue, describes the most recent—and far-reaching—developments in the odyssey of Litton Industries and the contract state, the further supplanting of the political process in the governance of American society. Chapters in this episode include the disturbing stories of Contracting International Development (in fascist Greece) and Contracting Poverty ("welfare" and the education of the poor).

Researchers on this story: Jan Austin, Lee Webb, Peter Wiley.

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The Other Week

Continued from page 20

bodia's Prince Norodom Sihanouk) they are probably convinced that American presence won't last long either.

What Malaysia is worried about is neither a Philippine invasion nor Philippine guerrilla tactics, but a calculated effort, already under way, aimed at a Sabahan revolt against Malaysia after the British leave the area. The British have made clear signs that they want the Philippines to keep their hands off Sabah. But while President Marcos says that he resents the British attitude, he insists that the subversion charge is "ridiculous" and that, in fact, he hopes the British will reconsider and keep their forces in Singapore and Malaysia.

Actually, Marcos is probably more broken field runner than quarterback, improvising his way through a maze of Muslim determination, hurt national pride, big-power maneuvering and the fact that he's up for reelection—a prize so far beyond any Philippine president—in 1969.

AFRICA

Mozambique: Hitler to Hunt

IN THE 1930s, BRITAIN "offered" the people of Portugal's African colonies to Hitler. In the 1960s, Portugal in effect offered them to H. L. Hunt.

Natural gas deposits have recently been discovered in Mozambique, and—with oilmen anticipating that where there's gas there's oil—Portugal has handed drilling rights in a sizable portion of the colony to Hunt. In return, Hunt has promised aid in defeating the guerrillas who threaten the survival of Portuguese colonialism.

For although the Portuguese use "search and destroy" missions, "strategic hamlets," napalm — all the accouterments of modern warfare — these military efforts are obviously inadequate to salvage Mozambique for the Portuguese colonialists. Hence the decision to deal with Hunt and others.

Hunt's, however, is only one of the parcels Portugal has granted in the hope that foreign oil investment will help her to maintain her hold on Africa. Hunt's rights are along the northern third of the coastline, adjacent to the areas of heaviest guerrilla fighting. To the south, Gulf has offshore drilling rights, while a Sun-ray-Skelly-Clark consortium holds 15 million acres off Beira. French and South African firms have concessions in the interior.

They have a pretty good deal, too. While the emirs of Arabia charge 50 per cent in royalties, the austere leaders of Portugal will settle for 12-1/2 per cent.

But as the colonialists parcel out concessions, the guerrillas continue to gain ground. In Mozambique, the 8000 guerrilla fighters of the Frente de Libertacao

Vietnam: A woman who looks not at all like Washington

AMERICAN MILITARY AUTHORITIES in Saigon have announced recently that they are calling in all "red dollars" in circulation in Vietnam. The size and shape of a dollar but printed in a dirty red and picturing a woman who looks not at all like George Washington, red dollars are the military scrip used for the last three years by Americans doing business among themselves in Vietnam. Except for very special circumstances Vietnamese are not permitted to use them.

The reason given by the American spokesmen for taking this currency out of circulation was that the National Liberation Front is profiting from traffic in it. This means that the NLF is not only obtaining red dollars in quantity, which is difficult enough, but is finding ways to spend them. They are managing to buy supplies at American bases, and they seem even to have methods of exchanging them for real green dollars which will buy supplies anywhere in the world. In either case, American military and civilian authorities suspect that there are Americans involved in this process at some point along the way.

Red dollars were first put into circulation in August, 1965, replacing the green stuff, which had been used until then. The real dollars, as it happens, were also withdrawn from circulation because the NLF was getting too many.

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de Mocambique (FRELIMO) control one-seventh of the country and are holding off some 30,000 Portuguese troops.

The Portuguese, after some 400 years of colonial rule, managed to enroll only one per cent of the African children in primary schools — a low figure even for a nation whose own European citizens are 40 per cent illiterate. Portugal is currently Europe's poorest country — half its provinces have a lower per capita income than Ghana — yet its defense budget is second only to that of the United States. More than 100,000 Portuguese troops have been sent abroad.

But Portugal doesn't pay all its military costs. NATO provides the guns (which, as in Vietnam, serve both sides — captured weapons supplement FRELIMO's supplies from the USSR, China and Czechoslovakia). Military helicopters come from France, bombers from the U. S. and Germany. America furnishes frigates at half price. All involved assert, of course, that the arms are used for NATO and not transported to Africa by the Portuguese.

South Africa and Rhodesia are more open in their aid. The Portuguese call their informal alliance "ASPRO"; Africa du Sul, Portugal and Rhodesia. ASPRO police and army officials hold joint secret meetings, exchanging information and guerrillas and coordinating air attacks.

The ASPRO nations, faced with domestic resistance and foreign disapproval, are moving to coordinate their economies. Rhodesia and South Africa are Portuguese Africa's most enthusiastic foreign investors (although there is some friction; Portugal and South Africa want Rhodesia to settle with Britain, because of the drain on the South African treasury and because a friendly conservative "multiracial" state would be a better buffer than another *apartheid* nation). Steel, sugar refineries and canneries are among their Mozambique undertakings. The South African Industrial Development Corporation, a semi-state organization, has loaned $18 million for a railroad across the north (where the guerrillas are based), and $11.2 million for a white settler irrigation project north of Lourenco Marques, Mozambique's capital.

The biggest venture of the "non-alliance," though, has been the Caboro Bassi Dam on the Zambesi River in Southern Mozambique. The dam, which will generate almost twice the electricity of Egypt's Aswan, was made possible by South Africa's promises of huge power purchases.

Military and economic cooperation are based on hard realities. Three hundred thousand cheap laborers are recruited in Mozambique each year for South African mines and Rhodesian tobacco fields. Lourenco Marques is one of South Africa's major ports; Beira, to the north, is an outlet for Rhodesia's products. Above all, Rhodesia and South Africa need the oil of Portuguese Africa; by 1970, Gulf will produce 150,000 barrels a day in Angola — enough to serve itself, South Africa and Mozambique combined. If boycotts come, the white settlers cannot afford the loss of Portuguese colonies.

EAST GERMANY

Herr Kerr?

JOACHIM GIESSMANN, THE Minister of Higher Education of the German Democratic Republic, has just announced that he is instituting a program of "university reform."

His proposal is that all the scientific and technological facilities of the universities—at present divided into at least 900 separate units—be integrated into 190 "sections," each of which would be organized around a particular sector of East German industry. Over the years, Herr Giessmann hopes to see the research efforts of the sections move away from the "pure" science which has been going on at the universities and into applied research on contracts from industries which it will service. In this way, states Giessmann, students will be working for East German industry, "from their very first year of studies."

At the University of California in 1964, the free speech movement attacked Clark Kerr's concept of the "multiversity," in which the university is supposed to be totally integrated within the framework of government and business. At Columbia this spring, students demanded that the representatives of oil and real estate interests be removed from the Board of Trustees, because of the undue influence their business connections were exercising over the university's policies. Students at Cornell recently forced their university to sell its interest in the Cornell Aeronautical Laboratories, which does extensive defense contracting.

The East Germans, of course, maintain that their "reform" is, as Herr Giessmann put it, "being carried out under the leadership of the party of the proletariat." However, this doesn't seem likely to make a great deal of difference; Czech and Polish students, in a series of demonstrations and outright revolts at their universities, have already shown what they think of the "party of the proletariat" as it has evolved under eastern European socialism. If the American experience is any guide, Herr Giessmann may be in for a bit more trouble than he thinks.

CANADA

The prominent U. S. attorney

A $100 MILLION "GIVE-AWAY" scandal in Newfoundland wouldn't ordinarily trouble Americans, but the problem facing Canadian Premier Pierre Trudeau at a little town named Come-by-Chance is likely to affect Canadian-American relations for some time to come.

The whole thing started with a deal between Newfoundland's premier, Joseph ("Joey") Smallwood, and his longtime friend, John Shaheen. Shaheen owns the Natural Resources Company, which has as subsidiaries the Newfoundland Refining Company, the Newfoundland Ammonia and Refining Company and the Newfoundland Pulp and Chemical Company. About a year ago, Newfoundland Refining announced that it would construct, in Newfoundland, a $100 million oil refinery.

The announcement, however, left out some details. The refinery will be owned by a newly formed Crown Corporation —which means in practice no federal corporation taxes, no property taxes, and no provincial sales taxes on building materials. Shaheen's operation will *oversee* the construction—for a fee of cost plus 100 per cent. When the refinery's built, Newfoundland Refining will operate it—for a management fee of 27.8 per cent of net profits plus a sales fee of 5.1 per cent of net sales.

That's not all. Of the $100 million it will cost to build the refinery, $70 million is being raised from "private interests" and $30 million will come from the government of Newfoundland, through a bond issue. But at the end of 15 years, Shaheen has the right to buy the refinery from Newfoundland—by repaying the $30 million, and no more.

Nor is *that* all. The deal also gives Shaheen the right, unless he wants to refuse, to build any additional facilities at the refinery (there's a $65 million paper mill in the works), *and* the right

Continued on page 57

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THE MOVEMENT

An American view of a meeting with Vietnam's NLF

For nearly a week—from the fourth through the ninth of September—two dozen Americans from the anti-draft movement met in Budapest, Hungary, with representatives of the National Liberation Front of South Vietnam. RAMPARTS *asked one of the Americans, Terry Cannon, for his impression of the meeting. His report follows.*

WE MET IN THE Hotel Ifjusac, a hotel run by the Hungarian Young Communists, in a room off the ground floor cafe-discotheque, where every Friday and Saturday crowds of young Hungarians come and jitterbug to 10-year-old American pop music.

We didn't know what to expect; most of us had never been out of the United States. Here we were sitting at two long tables in the shape of a T, with earphones on, sitting next to Vietnamese comrades (in name only before this). We had been warned that such international events required adherence to protocol: opening speeches, statements of solidarity, toasts. Three translators looked down on us from glass booths built into the end of the room. It had all the trappings of a conference, almost as if we actually had power.

This mood vanished after a day. Our preconceptions about the Vietnamese vanished: that they are ascetic, don't drink, are lean and intense, use communist slogans. We discovered that all this was based on images absorbed from the bourgeois press and the acting out of Progressive Labor types' self-image of how a "revolutionary" behaves.

They were among the most impressive people any of us had ever met, earthy, warm, humorous, relaxed and absolute pros at what they were doing: making a revolution. They were winning the war and acted like it. The contrast with the Americans was profound.

They asked the sort of questions, simple and direct, that we rarely ask of one another. How do different constituencies feel about the war? How did the Tet offensive affect Americans' pride? Why have there been fewer big demonstrations? What do the people of the United States feel about the NLF? Its program? How do Americans feel about their coming defeat? What was the effect of Martin Luther King's death? What is the relationship between the anti-war movement and the black movement?

There was surprising unanimity among the Americans. We had to give good answers. Some questions revealed misconceptions about the United States: what does the man-on-the-street feel about the NLF? We tried to explain that there is no typical American opinion, there is not the ideological gulf between the government and the people that the questions of the Vietnamese seemed to imply. Millions of Americans sincerely agree with Reagan that South Vietnam should be turned into a parking lot. We talked about popular fascism.

How are actions coordinated between the cities and the countryside? There is no countryside, we said. Mexican-American farmworkers, Negroes in the South, Indians don't make up a countryside in the Vietnamese pattern.

These discussions lasted five days—sometimes in a general session, sometimes in upstairs rooms, sitting on the bed and chairs and floor, sometimes in the halls and over dinner. The Vietnamese were the first political people we had met who have a strategy (yes, a strategy, not an accumulation of tactics, or a blueprint)—a strategy inside of which tactics are evaluated for their effectiveness. Not as in America, where whole organizations are built around a tactic (draft card burning, mass mobilizations, street fighting). "There are many times when one demonstration with women and babies is worth five guerrilla attacks," said one of the NLF.

We told them how we organized a demonstration in the cities; then they told us how they did it. To do it their way would require a restructuring of American left thinking. The NLF does not require big names on the leaflet to convince potential demonstrators that the action is important; the public spokesmen are not the same as the organizers, who are usually clandestine. They don't use a tactic because it's "moral," but because it's effective.

Many of us realized that we had subconsciously been afraid of getting "communist propaganda." In fact, if there was any propaganda in the week it came from our making pronouncements that conflicted with our personal feelings.

One NLF representative described how he moved in and out of Saigon. "Usually I have long hair, glasses and wear a puppet army uniform," he said. "But sometimes we come up to the guardhouse and say, 'Hello, we're from the National Liberation Front; let us in or we wipe you out'." He smiled and said, "And the guard says, 'Sure, go on in, go on *in*.' "

"What about the Enclave Theory?" the head of the delegation was asked. "Khe Sanh was an enclave," he said, and it was not a pat answer.

It's hard to convey the emotionalism of the meeting, for both the Vietnamese and ourselves. Friday night we were invited to the NLF embassy, high in the hills of Budapest. The embassy is an old mansion, plainly and beautifully decorated. We felt a sense of elation and freedom as we entered, the feeling of children entering a magical domain. Then someone said, "We're on liberated Vietnamese territory!" It was free soil.

A banquet of Vietnamese food had been set for us. We sat on the chairs, the Vietnamese on the floor ("We feel better on the floor; we don't have tables and chairs in the jungle"). The head of the mission passed around Dien Bien Phu cigarettes and acted like a Jewish mother about the food—eat some more.

Then there were songs and dances by Vietnamese students, more drinking, playing the guitar, and exchanging gifts. When the Vietnamese took the pictures off the wall of the embassy and gave them to us, we broke and started to cry. The NLF honestly and sincerely thinks we're heroes: "You're fighting America on its own ground; your job is much harder than ours." There was no way to accept that reversal of attitudes—uh, uh, baby, *you're* the heroes.

Their lives are integrated; they do not differentiate between their pleasure and their work. I carry in my head two images of Madame Pham Thanh Van. One is of her at the conference, in white silk dress over the famous "black pajamas." There was difficulty in translation at one point in a conversation. She leaned over to the American next to me and said, "Do you mean that in America you call the policeman *pigs*? "Yes," he replied, and she gave a big grin of sudden understanding and pleasure.

The other is from a small photo I saw of her, in black pajamas only, her hair loose, with a shovel in hand digging a tunnel in the jungles of South Vietnam. She has the same smile on her face.

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to build any similar refinery or chemical plant that the government wants to build anywhere else in Newfoundland.

Faced with all this, Premier Trudeau can, if he wants to, rescind the tax-free status that Smallwood has granted to Shaheen. But there's another problem. In a few months, some important U.S.-Canadian trade agreements come up for review, and Trudeau may not want to offend the attorney who flew up from New York to Ottawa to arrange this whole deal—an attorney who is another close friend of Shaheen and Smallwood both. His name is Richard Milhous Nixon.

BUSINESS

Happy ending for gold drama

At the beginning of last month, the board of governors of the International Monetary Fund (IMF) met in Washington to put its stamp of approval on what will become a new system of international finance. All that remains is to put on the finishing touches this month, in European meetings between finance ministers and European central bankers.

Half a year ago, with the world of international finance in the throes of its worst crisis since the postwar years, it didn't look as though the drama would have such a happy denouement. The European nations seemed to be forming a united front against the United States, demanding that the U.S. put an end to its long-growing (19 years) balance of payments deficit and stop exporting its domestic inflation in the form of dollars, held by European central banks, which the U.S. was unwilling and unable to redeem for gold. France and the U.S. were conducting virtually a verbal war.

Nevertheless, by the time of the October meeting of the IMF, the run on gold had been stopped. The U.S. Congress had agreed to a ten per cent surcharge to put a brake on inflation. President Johnson's "Investment Control Program"—a program to limit some foreign investment abroad—had been introduced to reverse America's balance of payments deficit. The gold market had been stabilized through a "two tier" price system, under which governments no longer buy and sell gold on the open market but settle their debts to one another through the IMF. The guardians of world financial stability gathered together in Washington, proud that they had brought the dilemma to a happy ending.

People watching this drama of international finance could be forgiven for imagining that the actors were improvising their parts. In fact, however, there was prompting at every moment from the wings. The whole thing was written, staged and directed by the men who had, and have, the greatest interest in seeing a happy ending; the men in charge of the big banks in the United States.

In April, 1967, almost six months before the gold crisis really hit, John Deaver and Rudolph Peterson each made public statements on the international financial situation. Mr. Deaver is vice president of the Chase Manhattan Bank, Mr. Peterson is president of the Bank of America, and both men can reasonably be considered as members of the financial elite of corporate America.

Mr. Deaver, in an article in the Chase's bi-monthly financial bulletin, called for terminating U.S. sales of gold to foreign central banks and for compelling central banks to hold onto the dollars they now have. Mr. Peterson, somewhat more blunt, recommended that the U.S. counter any drain on its gold supplies by "massive retaliatory measures . . . which will inevitably include the abandonment of our gold selling policy." Both men recommended that, far from trying to draw more dollars back into the country in exchange for gold, the United States should continue to export as many dollars abroad as possible, whether foreigners like it or not, until, as Mr. Peterson put it, "the other major countries are prepared to function under the only feasible international monetary system—that is to say, the dollar standard."

In other words, the U.S. should try to saddle foreigners and foreign central banks with as many dollars as possible, to tie them firmly into what Mr. Peterson termed "a global economic strategy rooted in the fundamental strength of America." Every dollar held in a foreign bank is, according to The Wall Street Journal's genial paraphrase of Mr. Deaver, "the monetary equivalent of a nuclear deterrent."

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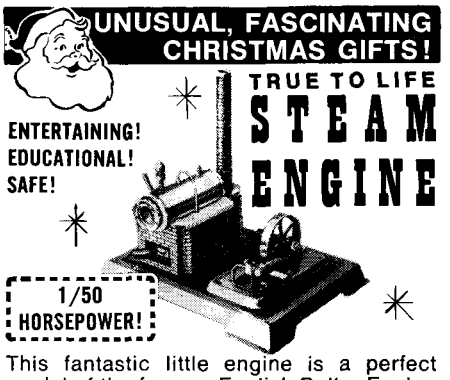

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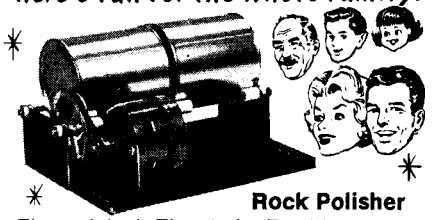

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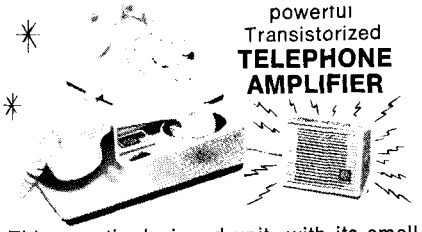

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Manhattan Bank and the Bank of America become the obligation of the whole world. The need for international financial liquidity, in the absence of gold as a reserve currency, could be handled by creating a new reserve asset to supplement gold—an asset which could be used by the United States to replenish its dwindling gold supply.

The whole gold crisis stretching from the fall of 1967 to April, 1968, was merely the painful acting out of the script that could have been written by BofA and Chase Manhattan. On March 14, 1967, the United States stopped sales of gold in London on the open market. In April, a conference in Stockholm of the finance ministers of the industrial countries agreed in principle on a "two tier" price system for gold, under which governments settle their debts among themselves through the IMF with gold at the fixed price of $35 per ounce, thus taking all intergovernmental dealings in gold off the free market. And finally, at the meeting of the IMF board of governors last month, the finishing touches were put on the plan to establish Special Drawing Rights, which will allow the U.S. to go on exporting dollars indefinitely. With the ratification of the SDR plan, the curtain seems to be falling on the final act of the tragicomedy of gold.

COMMUNICATIONS

The CIA finds a publisher

IN MARCH OF THIS year, RAMPARTS published an article by Michele Ray telling how the CIA had taken over command of the search for Che and his guerrillas since first pinpointing him in Bolivia in February 1967, and how agents Felix Ramos and Eduardo Gonzalez had made several supervisory visits to the guerrilla zone as the net drew tighter.

Miss Ray's article was widely criticized when it first appeared, but subsequent events suggest that if anything, she underestimated the extent of the CIA's vendetta against Che and the scope of its subversion in Bolivia. Dramatic confirmation of her thesis came in July after RAMPARTS and Bantam Books published Che's diaries, having obtained rights from Che's widow, Aleida March de Guevara, and from the Cuban government. In the middle of the month, Antonio Arguedas, Bolivia's minister of the interior and a close personal friend of President Rene Barrientos, suddenly disappeared from La Paz. He turned up at Iquique, Chile, a week later on July 19, and revealed that he had been working for the CIA since 1964. Arguedas also said that it was he who had sent a copy of the diaries to Fidel Castro and that he had been forced to flee Bolivia because the CIA had discovered this act [See RAMPARTS, Nov. 17, 1968].

The CIA's concern with Che's diaries, however, began long before any copies were passed to Arguedas. The moment Che was murdered, Ramos and Gonzalez began sifting carefully through the documents that had been captured with the guerrillas, including messages sent from the Bolivian jungle to Cuba and those returned from Castro to Che. But the CIA was not the only one to make use of the diaries. The Bolivian High Command claimed them as spoils of war, and by order of the generals they were also given to Andrew St. George, a Hungarian refugee, now a journalist. St. George's job was to peddle the diaries to the American publishing industry for the highest price he could get and then split the take with the generals.

The negotiations were truly bizarre. With the CIA's encouragement, St. George and the generals made a tentative deal with Magnum, a photographers' news consortium. Magnum was to pay the Bolivians a $125,000 advance, royalties of 33 per cent on the first $100,000, 50 per cent on from $100,000 to $1 million and 55 per cent on anything above $1 million. The generals

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were hoping that their profit on the documents would help recoup the $3 million of U.S. aid money it cost them to capture Che. However, the original deal which St. George set up miscarried when Magnum's French partners decided that they didn't want to traffic in Che's remains and persuaded a majority of the consortium's members to vote to discontinue negotiations.

For the next few months, Andrew St. George went from one publisher to another to peddle the diaries. Transworld Features Syndicate Inc., Grove Press, McGraw-Hill—all of them at one time or another dickered with the ubiquitous St. George. The publishers did not seem to be bothered by the fact that they were being offered photocopies taken by the CIA at Che's deathbed, nor even by St. George's insistence that the publication of the diaries must be accompanied by an introduction pointing out Che's failures and praising the social enlightenment of the Bolivian generals. The major obstacle was simply economics: the potential American publishers of Che's diaries were concerned that the Cubans might sue them because the *legal* rights to the documents belonged to Che's widow.

The negotiations languished until June of this year, when suddenly the CIA discovered that the Cubans had obtained a copy of the diaries. All at once, publication of the diaries by the right party became high priority. The CIA was anxious to beat the Cubans into print with a version prepared expressly for an American audience.

To whom can the CIA turn when it has some little publishing chore to do which it can't take care of at the Government Printing Office? In this time of need, the CIA turned to an old friend: Mr. Sol Stein, once executive secretary of the American Committee for Cultural Freedom, now president of Stein and Day Books.

Stein was an ideal choice to publish the diaries. Currently one of New York's more successful publishers, he had already compiled an impressive record as an anti-communist back in the days of McCarthy. It was he, for example, who had written to the New Republic in support of the Congressional witch hunt against Owen Lattimore: "Congressional committees, when they function responsibly, perform a valuable service in furnishing the public with evaluated information concerning the work of apologists and agents of the Soviet Union who have not—or cannot be proven to have — broken existing laws."

Stein's unyielding anti-communism was not the only thing that recommended him to the CIA for the diaries job. He had probably had as much experience in cultural subversion as anyone in the business. In the early 1950s, after a stint on the ideological advisory staff of the Voice of America, Stein became the executive director for the American Committee for Cultural Freedom, an affiliate of the Congress for Cultural Freedom and a recipient of CIA funds until the late fifties. At the moment he joined the Committee, its longstanding relationship with the CIA had reached a temporary hiatus. Irving Kristol, once editor of The New Leader, was the committee's chief link with the CIA; in 1951, however, he became a prime mover of the international Congress for Cultural Freedom, taking with him the American Committee's international program and most of its CIA funding.

Thus, from the moment he assumed his executive directorship, Stein's major worry was money, and he looked for it from all sources. For example, in February, 1955, he wrote to Dr. Edward Lilly of the Operations Coordinating Board in Washington, a secret agency composed of representatives from the various intelligence agencies and designed to coordinate psychological warfare research and operations, begging for money for the good works his organization was doing. "It would be a great pity, and a great shame for our country, if in the 1950s the National Committee to Save the Rosenbergs could raise $300,000 and the anti-communist American Committee for Cultural Freedom could not keep itself in business by raising a fraction of that amount. . . . I do hope that you and your colleagues can suggest some way in which we can continue to operate."

The Operations Coordinating Board, however, could only do the basic groundwork with the CIA on behalf of the American Committee for Cultural Freedom. Stein knew he was going to need a little more outside assistance. To whom could Stein turn to get on Allen Dulles' good side and to raise a little CIA money for his organization? In his time of need he turned to a man who had done work for Dulles in the past, a man Dulles trusted as having a firm commitment to the CIA and its cultural programs: the perennial Socialist Party presidential candidate, Norman Thomas.

Shortly after writing his letter to the Operations Coordinating Board, Stein had also written to Thomas:

"You will be happy to learn that our

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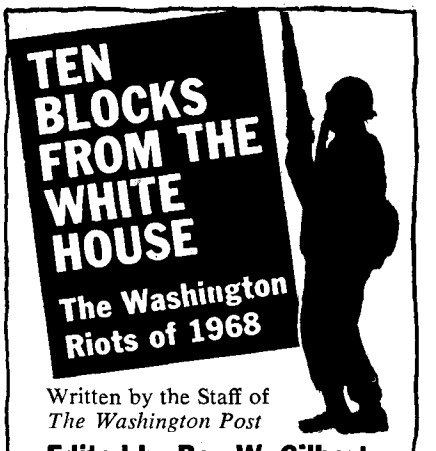

Written by the Staff of *The Washington Post*

Edited by Ben W. Gilbert

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friend Dr. Lilly has been exerting considerable energy . . . in trying to help us get some money . . . I have been advised that Allen Dulles often does not see letters addressed to him . . . It has therefore been suggested to us that the most useful method of approach in order to reactivate his interest in our most urgent problem would be a follow-up telephone call from you . . . Could you again remind Mr. Dulles of his interest in our work and suggest that speed is essential in coming to our assistance?"

The intervention of the Socialist with the CIA turned the trick. On May 4, Stein was able to report to his executive committee that grants totaling $14,000 had been received from the Farfield and Asia Foundations. At the end of the week Thomas, proud to be of service, wrote a note back to Stein: "I am, of course, delighted that the Farfield Foundation came through . . . I am happy to think I had a little to do with the proposition in certain quarters."

Given Sol Stein's cast of mind and proven allegiance, he was the logical choice for the CIA's version of the diary. It was easy enough to arrange the contact: Daniel James, Latin American "expert" for the Newhouse papers, and formerly of The New Leader, who was in La Paz this spring writing a biography of Che for Stein and Day. James had begun his "investigation" with an article in The National Review in September, 1967, reporting that Che was in Bolivia and theorizing on the "internationalist plots" he was carrying out on behalf of the Havana high command.

Because of his previous connections with the CIA, James was allowed to study the diaries in La Paz, and he and the Bolivian generals invited Stein and Day's Thomas Lipscomb down to enter into negotiations. The CIA insisted that the Bolivians give their copies of the diaries to Stein and Day without charge, so that it would make it worth the publishers' while to print them. The generals, of course, were reluctant to abandon the dreams of great wealth they had conceived during the negotiations with Magnum and St. George, but, as Arguedas' revelations about the extent of CIA control in Bolivia have since made clear, they really had little choice in the matter. The only "payment" the Bolivian generals received was a guarantee that Daniel James' introduction would place them in a favorable light.

James earned his money. The Barrientos regime in Bolivia, he claims, is the culmination of a 30-year social revolution, and he proves it with extensive paraphrases from Barrientos' own speeches. He then moves from plagiarism to slander by hypothesizing that Che was in Bolivia because Castro feared him as a potential rival, and that Castro purposely abandoned Che in the last months of the campaign, by failing to try even to make contact with him. Both notions are patently false. Even a brief reading of the diaries shows that Che lost contact with Havana only when his radio equipment was captured. And a glance at contemporary Cuba shows the extent to which Castro has encouraged Che's apotheosis in that country.

Sol Stein, however, was tickled pink by the job James had done: "This book," he boasted, "contains all the ammunition political scientists, teachers and students need to determine why the guerrilla movement failed and why such future enterprises cannot succeed."

Unfortunately for James, Sol Stein and the CIA, saying so doesn't make it so.

Networks hard on Daley film

THE EQUAL-TIME ANSWER to Mayor Daley that appeared on Metromedia stations (and some others) in late October looked smooth enough—but it was produced only after a lot of pressure was put on commercial networks.

Bill Jersey's Quest Productions, which produced the "reply" on behalf of the American Civil Liberties Union and some anti-war groups, had no trouble with the American Broadcasting Company, from whom they were able without difficulty (through Sherman Gringerg, ABC agent for film footage sales) to order all the newsfilm they wanted. But the other two networks were something else again.

At the Columbia Broadcasting System, Jersey went all the way to Richard Salant, president of the CBS news division, for assurances that he could buy all the film he wanted (provided only that it was film which had actually been broadcast). He screened all of the network's footage—and was then told that he could only have two minutes of it.

Amid rumors that Salant was under pressure from network brass to reneg on his deal, Jersey got the ACLU on the phone, and ultimately wound up not only with the footage he wanted, but without having to pay for it—because, it turned out, CBS hadn't charged the producers of Daley's documentary for the film *they* got.

Jersey was particularly anxious to get CBS footage because of the scene at Chicago in which "anchor man" Walter Cronkite referred to police and security guards as "thugs." Daley had used film of his later interview with Cronkite, in which Cronkite mentioned the policemen's "courtesy."

At the National Broadcasting Company, Jersey ran into the same problem —an early assurance that he could buy what he wanted, and then a runaround. Jersey said, however, that he had already obtained the NBC footage — he didn't say how—and that he didn't expect any trouble.

SPORTS

An unexpected star forward

The following is an account by Reese Erlich of RAMPARTS *of his coverage of an unusual sports event during a recent visit to Cuba.*

MY CUBAN FRIEND TOLD ME I would have a "surprise" when he invited me to the University of Havana, and only when we were on our way by car did he tell me that it was a basketball game—and one, he said, which would demonstrate why the Cuban government can never deteriorate in the way the Russian and Czech communist governments have. I like basketball all right, and I figured his comment as another example of the Cubans' constant attempts to give political significance to everything.

All sporting events are free, but the stadium was only half full, since the teams were second rate. To my surprise there were a few soldiers on guard, and a couple wanted to know who I was. I told them I was an American Revolutionary, and they waved me in.

One of the two teams in the main event consisted of engineering students at Havana University; the other was called Los Caneros (the cane cutters), and attracted most of the crowd's applause. The cheers were especially heavy for the captain, a tall, heavy-set man with a red sweat suit, black beard and

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the agility of a hippopotamus. When the game began, however, he turned out to be a fast and aggressive player—and it was only after the crowd went wild at his first lay-up shot that I recognized Fidel Castro.

Los Caneros, I realized, were composed of the central committee of the Cuban Communist Party. The starters, besides Castro, were Jose Llanusa, the minister of education; Jorge Garcia Bango, director of the sports institute; Sergio del Valle, minister of the interior; and another committee member I didn't identify.

How would a Cuban team play against Castro? How you would feel if you were a Cuban student assigned to guard him? It took only a minute to realize that the game was not a put-up job. Castro was a first-string basketballer at the university during his student days, when he wasn't in jail; at 42, he's lost a lot of steam, and he *does* have to run Cuba on the side. He dogs it a little on defense.

On the offensive, though, he comes into his own, particularly with a driving lay-up or jump shot in which he starts at about the free throw line and muscles his way past two or three defenders until he makes the shot.

Despite a lot of substitutions, Fidel played the entire game—he has done so in every one of the ten or so games Los Caneros have played. Practice, I learned, tends to take place about two a. m., but not always. On one occasion, Llanusa was delivering a speech to a group of trade union members, when he got a phone call. After talking on the phone for a few minutes, he returned, talked to the workers for another 20 minutes or so, and got another phone call. This time he came back in a state of agitation, polished off his talk in about two minutes, and left the hall in a great hurry. Fidel had called and told Llanusa to get his ass down to the sports stadium for practice.

A last minute rally, led by Fidel, won the game I saw for Los Caneros, 81-76. But it was the scene a few minutes earlier that will stick in my mind.

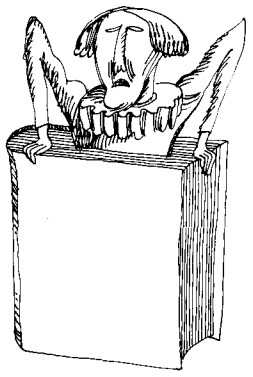
Fidel Castro, with the ball, had gone charging in for another lay-up, scattering several determined but unsuccessful defenders on the way. He made the shot, but immediately shouted to the referee that he should have been awarded two penalty shots besides. The referee shook his head, and within a moment the two men were shouting at each other at the top of their voices. Finally the referee took a step backwards, pointed a finger, and yelled authoritatively:

"One more word out of you, Fidel, and you're out of the game!"

And Fidel Castro shut up.

REVIEWS

BOOKS



Three novelists on their travels

ANTIMEMOIRS. *By Andre Malraux. Translated by Terence Kilmartin. Holt, Rinehart and Winston. 420 pp. $8.95.*

THE URGE FOR WRITERS who once wrote novels to travel, and, having traveled, to focus their partial or complete capacities for understanding on subjects of historical importance, seems firmly established—as does the decline of the novel form which they have abandoned. This transference of energy from the imaginative to the factual is becoming, increasingly, the major disaster of the Era of the Word—although the debasement of thought and language which comes from the insatiable thirst of printed media for firsthand, "factual" accounts can hardly compare with the ridiculous verbal chaos of other repositories for error (such as electoral politics).

Nevertheless, if a thousand writers wielding a thousand first-class tickets to everywhere continue to grind out books like the present three, it really may be necessary to pay closer attention to sense-awareness, after all, as the last means of communication.

This phenomenon is at its worst when writers who allow one to expect better of them by gaining public eminence as

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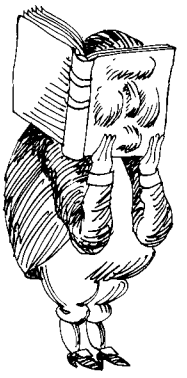
inventors go on to tease the perplexed by focusing on issues no man can afford to neglect (or so no man thinks). Who can fail to be interested in Russia as it doesn't move to communism from capitalism via socialism; or in China, as bloodshed and terror mysteriously stalk the streets (in order to impress the Hong Kong press corps); or in France's noble reinforcement of nationalism as justification for its sacred right to internal repression and external bomb-building?

And Malraux falls the hardest. Failure cannot have come as a pleasant surprise to his American publisher, who paid $250,000 for the American rights to *Antimemoirs* to discover, when the translation arrived, that the long-awaited last thoughts of the only Minister of Culture known to culture were largely tremulous speculations on whether and when to be afraid to die, whether stones speak to mankind in the voices of their creators or the eyes of their beholders, and how (big surprise) De Gaulle is Joan of Arc, Charlemagne, and good King Wenceslaus all at once.

But how could Andre Malraux write something so tedious, so uniformative, so fragmentary as *Antimemoirs* ("Anti," get it: nobody blows a straight riff anymore)?

It turns out to have been remarkably easy. After choosing a structure which parallels, in a manner interesting to graduate students the world over, his thought and activity while writing four of his novels, Malraux then mixes a judicious lack of personal detail, an obsession with the vagueness underlying all perception, and a clearly overdeveloped schizophrenia between the living (all of us ephemerals) and the dead (repositories of Art and other Big Truths).

But the most casual observer of French life knows that after ten years as a minister, Malraux was the only member of De Gaulle's government not required to face the people in an election earlier this year, and that as a celebration of his immunity he fired Jean-Louis Barrault from his post as head of the Theatre de France because Barrault sympathized with the student insurrections earlier this year. And that Malraux managed to enrage French filmmakers off their banquettes of sloth by dismissing Henri Langlois, the head of the world's greatest film institute, because he ran too personal an operation. Such has been Malraux's contact with real cultural enterprises in France—although he does participate in coronations of French grandeur, such as the establishment of sterile cultural centers in the provinces and the cleaning of Paris' black buildings



back to their original sandstone (though they are now getting black again; Malraux doesn't legislate for clean air). And he has achieved protection for certain sections of Paris, so that the world's most vibrant city will assuredly retain some interest for those who look out on it from the 40-story glass and steel towers just outside the protected zones.

Malraux's up there in those skyscrapers himself, on a permanent high derived from a secure conviction that art is not life ("art and life are on different planes . . . the metamorphosis of a fate undergone into a fate transcended is one of the most powerful that man can create") and therefore why swim in the mud, when in a few thousand years it will harden around your head into clay? In order to get that clay molded before one's death, however, Malraux has sworn by the concept that action and adventure define a man, and never so much as when that man is in a situation of power. Like, kill or be killed.

These two elitist attitudes might not have destroyed *Antimemoirs* if Malraux had had some order to impose on his reflections, or even some colossal disorder. Instead, what are obviously scraps saved over the years are linked together in a desperate effort to produce that mud-face-in-clay through the world of prose. The result is a fragmented chronicle which makes Malraux seem impression-drunk, a dirty old Rimbaud, magically invested with status which enables him to travel as the ministerial incarnation of the presidential incarnation of France.

The emphasis on action, Malraux's other fixation when he isn't on art (and its twin periphrastic sinner, religion) provides the book's only strength. His bravery as tank commander and Resistance leader makes a good case for the action test he proposes as a trial for man's worth on earth. What happens when the shooting's over is a different story; what haunts Malraux, like many of his generation in Europe, is the concentration camp and its "degradation" of the human into an animal. Unfortunately, Malraux never makes clear in what way his celebrated straight-shooting look-you-in-the-blue-eyes buddyship action test is intricately involved in a universe where the concentration camp becomes a weapon used by both sides — those against whom Malraux fought courageously in France and Spain, and those whom he now would defend in the Gaullist glitter.

Errata: On page 48, first column, third paragraph: Ash, not Thornton told the CPA's to be "good company men." Thornton, not General George, said "This is something . . . generally indulged in by other military contractors."

THE RED BOOK AND THE GREAT WALL. *An Impression of Mao's China. By Alberto Moravia. Translated by Ronald Strom. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 170 pp. $4.95.*

JOURNALISM'S GREATEST VIRTUE is that it can be forgotten quickly, but if it repeats often enough what it's trying to say, there eventually arises a stereotype on which it can build further. What it builds is propaganda.

In the vast sea of generalizations about national characteristics, nothing is quite so ludicrous as a journalist of one country, who is usually involved in immense chauvinism, self-justification, careerism, and "patriotic" politics, reflecting on the media of another. Italy, which the Chinese might well see as a land of ball-scratching lechers with an unbroken history of military incompetence, has sent its foremost ex-novelist, Alberto Moravia, into China to report bravely back to his bourgeois audience in the newspaper *Corriere della Sera* about what all that noise is over there, and what's in the Little Red Book. Moravia has looked on the Peking wall posters: "What is written in the poster newspapers? I found out. It seems that they contain simple or at least much simplified things: slogans, denunciations, accusations, pronouncements, definitions, incitements, down-withs and long-lives. In other words, things that appeal directly to feeling, that do not require analysis and interpretation by the mind."

About the Red Book, Moravia marvels: "It is incredible actually, how much a little book like Mao's can influence man's behavior." It will doubtless seem equally incredible to those who let Moravia into China, how little a little book like *his* will influence man's behavior. For he has used only part of himself in *The*

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Red Book and the Great Wall: the novelist in Moravia yearns for the comfort of symbolic value and the luxury of moralistic asides. It also provides him with insights, though not with the ability to report on anything except himself reacting to what he sees. Speed readers of this book will find that the reiteration of cliches becomes mere propaganda (much of which may well be true) about the cultural revolution and the Chinese people. Others would do better to stick to C. P. Fitzgerald, who would certainly not clue us to his methodology with phrases like "the heart of man is not to be plumbed. And there may be not three or four or ten but a hundred, a thousand possible hypotheses, and we shall never know the truth."

It is just possible that a novel by Moravia about China would have come closer to gleaning a truth, any truth, out of those endless hypotheses.

ALONG THE ROADS OF THE NEW RUSSIA. *By Hans Koningsberger. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 195 pp. $4.95.*

OUT OF THE BROKEN REMAINS of what was once Hans Koningsberger, political activist (an originator with Noam Chomsky of the "Call to Resist Illegitimate Authority"), committed novelist *(The Revolutionary)* and perceptive traveler *(Love and Hate in China)* comes a fragmentary, deeply disappointing chronicle of a trip taken to Russia last year. Like Malraux with his head in art and Moravia with his post-scholastic equivocations, Koningsberger seems to have disarmed himself by leaving fiction. So much so that he confesses what is obvious after reading *Along the Roads of the New Russia*; he really would rather have stayed home and read. Tolstoy, for example, "did not gain clarity through having toilet articles, chairs, tables or even childhood surroundings put on view. The word is all; I do not want to think of Tolstoy wheezing in that little bed, with the vaporizer beside him."

Well, I don't want to think of Hans Koningsberger, pissed off at the world, wheezing words out at space rates for The New Yorker. Nor do I want to think of his publisher deciding not to put maps in a book concerned with travels to places no one's heard of, and which emphasizes difficulties and fascination with roads. It is a shame that Koningsberger did not at least write a thin fiction over the fragments of his travels, even if he didn't feel up to stylistic tricks in order to get in the ironies and absurdities of travel outside the persona of a fictional Hans.

Then he might have discussed money, details of life, aberrant behavior, even the changes in literary approaches to Russia, which obviously interest him the most. His final summation might not be so out of place in its graces as it now is: "An image of the Western world (and such a strong one that it keeps appearing in our books and films) is a man or a woman driving alone through a rainy night, with all our complicated resources and means of communication at his command, happy to be in control of his environment, and yet happy to be lost in it. That is the thrill we have to offer. An image of Russia is of being accepted, part of a team; maybe doing a complicated job, maybe attending a Saturday-night dance, or maybe just standing in line to buy dinner."

There are immense difficulties facing the writers of memoirs or fiction when they suffer from what Arthur Koestler has called *"nostalgie de l'apocalpse."* Malraux, Moravia and Koningsberger knew damn well when they began their books that the events they were so anxious to explore might well get out of hand while their publishers were going through the usual maddening delays.

Why did they continue to write factual books and abandon their stronger talents for fiction? It may be because they subscribe to the theory of personal conscience-twinge, as opposed to having faith in eliciting mental response, which is roughly the difference between twanging a rubber band between your fingers and learning to play the guitar. One would

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rather think that this is the explanation; but it may be that greed, or fame, or simple dull pride allows incomplete and defective (in Malraux' case embarrassing) works on topics of vital importance by writers of quality. Given sufficient "apocolypse," these three nostalgics will certainly not be the last defectors in their tribe. —LAWRENCE M. BENSKY

Ever a general, never a boy

WESTMORELAND: THE INEVITABLE GENERAL. *By Ernest B. Furgurson. Little, Brown and Co. 347 pp. $6.95.*

> It is common knowledge that an Army officer has a one-track mind, that he is personally interested in stirring up wars so that he can get promoted and be decorated, and that he has an extremely limited education, with no appreciation of the finer things in life.
>
> —GEN. "VINEGAR JOE" STILLWELL
>
> Certainly the country is proud of General Westmoreland and proud of the splendid forces which he commands. It does not follow that the country is obliged to send them, and itself, to destruction.
>
> —BRIG. GEN. WILLIAM W. FORD

ERNEST B. FURGURSON, a reporter for The Baltimore Sun, has written that William Childs Westmoreland was "a man whose role compared to that of Eisenhower in Europe, MacArthur in the Pacific and later in Korea, yet none of us whose job it was to understand the leaders of our day knew much about Westmoreland before he arrived in Vietnam." Unfortunately the book does little to alleviate this lack of knowledge; but the failure is not so much with Furgurson as with his choice of a subject.

What emerges is a portrait of a general admirably suited to oversee a bureaucratic, computerized war. Westmoreland himself might have been programmed by a computer as the very model of modern military efficiency with a minimum of emotional interference. He stands as a new breed of high ranking officer, one whose approach to a problem is to set up a staff to evaluate the necessary organizational technique, rather than to lead a charge up a hill.

William Childs Westmoreland was born March 26, 1914, in Spartanburg, South Carolina, where his father was a banker and the manager of a textile plant. He might well have followed in his father's footsteps had he not joined the Boy Scouts and become hooked on uniforms. He hasn't been out of one since. From a grim, methodical drive toward Eagle Scout status, financed and encouraged by a doting father, he went on to The Citadel, a Southern military school designed "to crush a young man as completely as possible before starting to rebuild him in the mold of the parent institution." At West Point, Westmoreland proved to be a mediocre scholar, but managed to stay at the top of his class through tedious hours of study and by being a standout in military lore and parade field procedure.

A typical vignette of Westmoreland's childhood tells of the time when the nine-year-old child's two constant playmates were drowned, and, "a soldier to the limit," he took it without showing a tear. Forty-three years later, during an inspection trip at Go Cong, Vietnam, his escort ship accidentally fired a rocket into the town, killing a child playing outside its home and wounding three others. "Westmoreland's self control never wavered," Furgurson writes.

Westmoreland's story is the story of a boy without a boyhood who became a martinet. We find a man who learns by rote, a man whose courage is beyond question but is deliberate and methodical rather than colorful or spontaneous, a soldier who drives himself and his men on his trek to the stars, relentlessly and humorlessly.

People who can recount the exploits of generals like Patton and Stillwell draw a blank with Westmoreland. He is the epitome of military orthodoxy, neither flamboyant nor imaginative. Despite six rows of ribbons, a Combat Infantry Badge and Master Parachutist's wings, the general has less actual combat troop-leading time than many of his NCOs and lieutenants. This does not mean that he ever tried to avoid such duty—quite the contrary—but it was his fate to be recognized as a man best suited to the heady but unglamorous life of a staffer. Shortly after being commissioned, he told a fellow officer that "he did not think he was particularly well qualified to function as a platoon leader, but he really believed he would make a damn fine regimental commander."

While in Vietnam, I met the general on three occasions. Square-jawed, with graying hair, a firm handshake, and always a personal query, he was impressive. We *were* impressed, but his approach was so faultless as to discourage friendliness. When the sun beat down on all of us, it was only the general's impeccably pressed fatigues that didn't show sweat stains; he looked completely at ease when standing at attention, and vice versa. His compliments left the impression that he could have done the job better but regrettably couldn't do everything himself.

Obviously he had learned his people-to-people manner in the same way he had learned his military tactics—from a book. Colonels who had known him for many years found it difficult to engage him in easy conversation and felt uncomfortable in his presence. A man in whose presence American colonels felt uncomfortable — this was the man charged with the task of winning the hearts and minds of the Vietnamese peasants.

By the modern military's method of computation, Westmoreland's accomplishments in Vietnam have been substantial. When he took command of MACV in 1964 he had a mixed bag of 16,000 troops. The way he introduced and rotated 530,000 U.S. troops and as many more Vietnamese, Korean and Thai soldiers was a near miracle of logistics. The necessity, however, of having to oversee such an operation testifies to his first and perhaps biggest failure in Vietnam. Shortly after taking command he stated that the war would have to be fought and won by the Vietnamese and that it was inconceivable that the Viet Cong could defeat ARVN. It was his job to mold ARVN into an effective fighting force.

In typical fashion ARVN's lack of morale and discipline were staffed and analyzed. It was concluded that the problem lay with the NCOs and junior officers. Westmoreland believes that U.S. Army Airborne NCOs are the best in the world, well motivated and with a high *esprit de corps*. U. S. Army Airborne NCOs carry whistles and ARVN NCOs don't, so thousands of whistles were ordered and issued. The innovation failed, of course, and six months later U.S. troops were pouring into Vietnam and Westmoreland was trying his best to put ARVN out of his mind.

That anyone might have done better with ARVN is debatable, but this failure in turn led to the failure of the Pacification Program. The concept was that U.S. forces would do the fighting to clear an area, and ARVN would be used to protect civic action workers. Unfortunately, in many cases ARVN wouldn't stay overnight in the villages, and commanders used their positions to enhance their fortunes, thereby negating the program. The magnitude of the failure was clearly shown during the Tet offensive, a scant three months after Westmoreland claimed there was "light at the end

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of the tunnel." As it turned out the light came from the fires in Cholon; so much for tunnel vision.

Furgurson has also avoided a discussion of what will be the most controversial operation of the war: Khe Sanh. It was Westmoreland who claimed Khe Sanh was so essential that it was worth tying down 30 per cent of his ground effectiveness where they would be a static target. For six months he kept calling the area "essential" while U.S. losses mounted. While he was still saying his goodbyes, General Abrams, his successor, was dismantling the base. Ironically, it was another Baltimore correspondent who broke the military embargo to inform the American public what the Vietnamese had long known—thereby losing his credentials.

General Rommel once remarked that professional soldiers needed wars because they could study their craft for years, but only in a war would they find out if the lessons had been well-learned. Westmoreland evidently shares this idea. If nothing else, Furgurson's book at least affords us the opportunity to hear, in his own words, Westmoreland's view of the value of the war in Vietnam:

"I bet that Russian Army is jealous as hell. Our troops are here getting all this experience, we're learning about guerrilla warfare, helicopters, vertical envelopment, close artillery support. Those Russian generals would love to be here. . . . Any true professional wants to march to the sound of gunfire."

—DONALD DUNCAN

ARTS & CRAFTS

Would you want your sister to marry a Beatle?

"Revolution," Lennon-McCartney. Apple 2276.

"Street Fighting Man," Jagger-Richards. London 45-909.

TIME WAS WHEN THE Beatles could be viewed as the vanguard of a cultural revolution without so much as bothering their heads about politics. Just what was implicit in their music was enough: an assumption of generational revolt and the existence of sub-cultures with alternative life styles.

Apart from that, one of the great things about the Beatles was that they were apolitical. In the English class structure, the Mods constituted a real revolt from their parents. At the time it seemed terribly revolutionary for English slum kids, doomed by the system to lives of Dickensian drudgery from the age of eleven, when the 11-plus exams effectively excluded them from higher education, to become millionaires just by mucking about with guitars ("The guitar's all right, John," John Lennon's Aunt Mimi is supposed to have told him, "but you'll never make your living by it").

In the beginning, the Beatles never had to attack the system overtly; their very success implied the criticism. Being isolationist and apolitical was in itself a departure from the values of the older generation; in English terms it meant not giving a damn about the Queen and her crumbling empire. And instead of hanging onto a stingy, wartime ration mentality, the Mods spent all their money on schlocky clothes from Carnaby Street. As for the Beatles, not only did they effortlessly make piles of money, they positively gloried in it. They didn't give it to charities for starving colonials; they spent it and lived like kings. No qualms, no guilt, a fact that horrified American politicoes. For American kids, the revolt from the middle class was to scorn money; for English kids it was to squander it as though there were no tomorrow.

The Beatles were more than a rock band. They offered up their whole lives as a kind of entertainment, with an invitation to kids to imitate them: live free, fuck off, you don't have to play the game by society's rules to make it. Taking on the Beatles' life style was an implicitly political act that may have been valid, at that particular time, for English kids.

But the revolt that seemed so promising for England proved, in time, to be merely one-dimensional: the bank clerks and office juniors who donned

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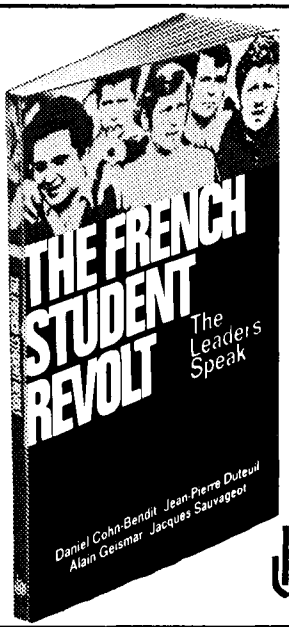

The leaders—Cohn-Bendit and the others—speak out on The French Student Revolt

In the first book on the subject, Daniel Cohn-Bendit, Jean-Pierre Duteuil, Alain Geismar, and Jacques Sauvageot explain why, and how, the revolt spread so rapidly—and almost engulfed all of France in a social revolution. With a Foreword by Hervé Bourges, and an interview between Cohn-Bendit and Jean-Paul Sartre. $3.95; paper $1.50

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Mod clothes and danced to the Beatles remained bank clerks and office juniors; the class structure that the Beatles were supposed to be breaking down never quite broke down enough to include their fans. And the attempt to import it to America, where intellectuals were increasingly political, was doomed to disaster from the beginning.

To Americans, the defiant spirit of post-Beatles rock and roll seemed so vital, so in tune with what they were feeling, that they wanted desperately to believe it could offer a total world view. There was an aspect of the new rock that appealed particularly to some political activists: that it seemed finally, irrevocably unrespectable, and un-co-optable by society. Out of their own inadequacies, the radicals were clutching at straws in the wind, hoping to take their political cues from the culture heroes. They hadn't learned their lesson when Bob Dylan delineated his distance from them in "My Back Pages." They saw things in Beatles songs that were never there; they sang "Yellow Submarine" as though John and Paul had personally sat down to chart a new direction for the radical movement and provide it with an anthem.

To be fair, the Beatles had protested all along that they were apolitical. They were, they said, just artists, just doing their thing; to pretend they cared about children starving in India would be hypocritical. They did, at one point, sign an ad in the Times protesting the war in Vietnam, but for the most part they stayed out of politics. And if the acceptance of the Beatles as high culture meant that the kids had effectively rejected adult culture, it still didn't mean that the Fab Foursome had anything more to offer than a pretty good form of entertainment and a certain infectious spirit. The tenuous alliance that the radicals had forced was bound to come a cropper.

By Christmas of 1965, when "Rubber Soul" was released, most of the world's youth population was pretty firmly under the thumb of the Beatles. Knowing there were millions who would approve anything they did gave the Beatles virtually unlimited freedom to experiment. They began to withdraw into palaces of the imagination, taking a lot of people along on the trip.

Popularity is one thing; unlimited influence another. Soon even the culture heroes began to take themselves seriously as arbiters of the youth revolution. They began to prescribe: take drugs, don't take drugs, turn on to transcendental meditation and find yourself. It was their downfall. The Beatles, smooth, musical virtuosi, astute on matters of the heart, have done nothing but make fools of themselves since they got into philosophizing: Flower Power, the Maharishi, All You Need Is Love.

And their choice of a phony and rather reactionary philosophy made fools of radicals who idealized them as well.

"Revolution" is the final blow to the radicals' illusions. With their latest record, the Beatles have plunged directly into the politics of youth. It is an explicit political statement, and must be judged in that context.

"Revolution" is a put-down. "You say you want a revolution/We-ell you know /We all want to change the world." Maybe on the basis of that last line you can argue that the song only puts down *violent* revolution. But the sarcasm seems too apparent. "If you go around carrying pictures of Chairman Mao/You ain't gonna make it with anyone anyhow," they sing; and they moralize: "You say that it's the institution/We-ell you know/You better free your mind instead."

Can the Beatles ultimately resolve the question of what to think about Chairman Mao? I doubt it. If you free your mind, can you free the world? There was a time when American radicals thought so—when the hippies and the Ken Keseys and the drug freaks and the rock bands seemed to be launching a more effective attack on the society than years of demonstrations had done. But the dropouts' style of life was co-opted, and the "blow their minds" politics that had evolved, while more fun than picketing or marching, didn't change the repressive institutions either. Obviously more forceful tactics were necessary. Street fighting became the order of the day.

The really disturbing thing about "Revolution" is that it confirms the Beatles' process of intellectual ossification. Times have changed but the Beatles remain the same, singing a narcissistic little song called "Revolution" that, in these troubled times, preaches counter-revolution.

And what's the thing that really bugs them? "You say you want a contribution." They're not giving "money to people with minds that hate." They've gotten so far away from thinking of "contribution" to a political cause as meaning what they can do as artists that they conceive of their role essentially as that of millionaires. The chorus of the song is, "And you know it's gonna be all right." Well, it isn't. You *know* it's *not* gonna be all right; the song, in fact, is one of the few Beatles songs that, even artistically, lacks conviction.

In view of recent events, it's no longer possible to believe that it's enough just to imitate the buoyant op-

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What are careers today?

Careers today are the reverse of what they were yesterday. Until this generation, few people had any choice. Sons followed their fathers into a prescribed occupation, taking what jobs they could get to keep bread on the table and, more recently, a respectable car in the driveway.

Today jobs are plentiful. For the first time since Eden there are more jobs than people. But a job . . . a living . . . is now not enough. The educated and idealistic young want opportunities for contribution, for achievement, for excitement. Most want to live well and make a life out of a livelihood.

So careers today have become both an opportunity and a problem, because they require choice. You can choose, almost without limit, among the things that you can do with your life. You want work that brings fulfillment, and you find it elusive.

No one tells you how to choose, what questions to ask, what commitments to make and which ones not to make. Nobody tells you what the various fields are like today and how they are in a process of radical change. Nobody tells you that academia imposes deadly conformity or that banking is no longer staid and stodgy. No one tells you that local government, though it still smells of the cuspidor, must find people with imagination to deal with the urban crisis.

Most of our institutions still behave in a way that was appropriate when college graduates were few, and few were needed. There was no need for information on jobs and careers. Today, when the information is desperately needed, it still is not provided. A kind of cultural lag has left a blackout on the information essential for career decisions.

We must make a start. With the publishers of PSYCHOLOGY TODAY, the magazine of social science, a group of us — educators, businessmen, editors and young people — have founded CAREERS TODAY, the new magazine for students, graduates and adults of all ages who want to put their knowledge to better use. We know from the response to the charter issue that we can make a contribution. We have found the need to be even more serious than we had imagined.

If we do our job, more men and women will make rational decisions about the use of their talents. And most will discover that career choices can be fun—they need not be full of agony, despair and doom.

T George Harris
managing editor
Careers Today

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timism of the Beatles or to live as they do. It is no longer a matter of music but rather one of betrayal. They come off with a whining affirmation of their own values—all you need is love—while the kids build barricades in the streets and the cops bash heads.

The Beatles have come to occupy a place in British society as structured and secure as the Queen's. Basically, they were always nice kids, a little weird maybe, but you wouldn't mind if your sister maried one. They contrast sharply with the Rolling Stones, who —the embodiment of the grimy, scruffy side of rock and roll, with a harder, tougher core than the Beatles—are still freaks and outlaws in British society. When the Stones started out, they sang the blues of American blacks, and for a while it seemed as though they were trying just to make black sexuality palatable to white kids because it was sung by other whites. That was until it became apparent that, to most people, the Stones' sexuality was every bit as unpalatable as that of the blacks.

Raunchy, low-down, uncouth, unsavory and blatantly sexual, the Stones got busted for urinating on gas station walls and for having orgies, and had paternity suits ("suits of affiliation," as they're called in England) filed against them. The master of the suggestive lyric ("Give it to me now, I've no ob-jection"), the sensuous grunt (*cf.* "Going Home," all 11 minutes of it), the sneering voice, and the man with the diction capable of insinuating the most profound disgust and corruption is, after all, Mick Jagger.

The Stones were musical anarchists, harbingers of chaos. The Beatles played with satire, some gentle, some not so gentle. The Stones attacked the English class system in songs like "Playing with Fire." They were hip to the Great American Shuck—think of the viciousness of "Mother's Little Helper" ("What a drag it is getting old"). The Beatles came late to philosophy; the Stones, on a very basic level, always had one: sneer, scorn, attack. Their music, though technically successful, appeared careless and sloppy, and was characterized by violence and pent-up fury. The music inside their heads was like the words inside Dylan's: "If my thought-dreams could be seen/They'd probably put my head in a guillotine."

"Street Fighting Man" begins, "Everywhere I hear the sound of marching, charging feet, boy/ 'Cause summer's here and the time is right for fighting in the street, boy" (The latter is a line, with only one word changed, from a black song of a few years ago—one, significantly, that the hippies adopted as a kind of anthem—"Summer's here and the time is right for dancing in the streets"). "Tell me what can a poor boy do/'Cept to sing for a rock and roll band/'Cause in sleepy London town there's just no place for a street fighting man." The Stones' statement is beautiful in the truth of its autobiographical statement.

If there's one theme that's remained constant in the Stones' lyrics, from their early blues to "Beggars' Banquet," it's frustration: "I can't get no satisfaction." The Stones obviously identify themselves with the street-fighters ("My name is called disturbance"). Temperamentally suited to be among them, they can't make it at that either. When Mick Jagger sings, "Tell me what can a poor boy do/'Cept to sing for a rock and roll band," he's not trying to justify himself; unlike the Beatles, he's too unsure of his own role as a rock singer to prescribe it to anyone else. In trying to come to grips with their frustration and to figure out how to resolve the problem of expressing their solidarity with the street-fighters while remaining entertainers themselves, the Stones have created a song that is a sympathetic and symbolic representation of street fighting.

But the purpose of this is not to tell the radicals who have lost Dylan, and now the Beatles, that they still have the Stones. However sympathetic "Street Fighting Man" is to the radicals' aspirations, it's *still* rock and roll, *still* the one-dimensional revolution, *still* entertainment, and rock still isn't politics. Only this small thing: when push comes to shove—Paris, Mexico City, Prague, Chicago, Columbia, Telegraph Avenue—the Stones' philosophy holds up better than the Beatles'. Sneer, scorn, attack.

—SUSAN LYDON

FILM

The Movement's own film about Columbia may be art despite itself

SOME OF THE BETTER FILMS being made in the United States today are not to be seen at your local theater. They are being produced by Newsreel, not a film company but a radical and Movement-oriented film group with its largest contingent in New York and affiliated groups in San Francisco, Boston, Chicago and Ann Arbor. The films are being distributed free through a "community distribution network" to activist groups all over the country.

By now, Newsreel has produced more than 20 films, but by far the longest and probably the best to date is *Revolt at Columbia*, a 58-minute feature which has just been released and which deals, of course, with the student movement and the student strike last spring at Columbia University. The film was shot by more than half the New York Newsreel group—about 25 people in all—operating on the campus and within The Movement during the entire time of the occupation of the buildings, the police attack, and the student strike. Almost all the footage was shot on the spot during the events, with Newsreel members serving, somewhat schizophrenically, both as cameramen and as defenders of the barricades. Most of the film's sound track, too, was taped on the spot: interviews with striking students, recordings of speeches and sounds of violent clashes between students and police.

Revolt at Columbia is thus not a film *about* The Movement, or *a* movement, but a film from within The Movement: looking out and looking around. As the climactic scenes build up, the audience is no longer looking through the impartial eye of the camera, it sees with the eyes of the participants themselves. When Rap Brown slips dramatically through police lines to enter the campus to speak, you suddenly find yourself listening to him, not as a moviegoer sitting and judging the merits and demerits of what Mr. Brown has to say, but as a striking student listening from the window of Hamilton Hall—a student for whom Brown's appearance is not just another speech, but a climax of student power on the campus.

The candlelit scenes of the wedding ceremony in Fayerweather Hall, and the portrayal in pictures and sound of the sense of community and deep joy of the student "communards," form a true climax to the whole movie. When the camera cuts suddenly to squadrons of cops marching on the buildings, you understand what it was all about, how it looked from the inside, how it felt. History takes on its own contours, its true climaxes, not as they are perceived objectively or in retrospect, but as they are felt by the people who make it.

Newsreel's history - from - the - inside creates a number of problems for a movie, both as documentary and as art.

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AUDITED PAID CIRCULATION ABC

From a purely technical point of view, it is almost impossible even for a group of 25 people to get 58 minutes of good footage when they are busy meeting, planning, discussing, building barricades and getting beaten by cops. In the scenes of the police invasion of the campus, Newsreel has had to rely too much on still shots, and much of the moving footage is moving too fast, presumably because the cameraman was on the run. Similarly, the sound track, composed mostly of interviews, raises itself only seldom to the level of the pictures: people who are making their own history have a hard time formulating in words what it is they are doing; all they can say is what it is that is happening *to* them.

More interesting than the technical problems, though, are the very real distortions which take place when history is told from the inside. Myths, like the story that the black students drove off a police attack in the basement tunnels of Hamilton Hall, are perpetuated as history (in fact those were maintenance men in the basement, dressed in blue uniforms so that the students mistook them for cops). More seriously, there is no hint in the film of any disagreement or any animosity between black and white student strikers; the whites talk as though they were grateful to the blacks for having ordered them out of Hamilton Hall and insisting upon a separation of their movements. But in fact there was deep hostility between the two, which broke into the open after the police invasion of the campus, and which continued for months afterward. The whites accused the blacks of having sold out The Movement and having made a deal with the police; the blacks called the whites middle class romantic revolutionaries.

In a similar way, the Columbia faculty is simply dismissed out of hand as trying vainly to "interpose" itself between the students and the police. Actually the faculty was totally divided, with a radical caucus unconditionally supporting the students, and a very complicated and instructive battle played itself out among the different faculty factions.

The point is, however, that during the time when the students were making history, neither the split in the faculty nor the split between black and white students was *felt* as crucial in the day to day life of the student commune. What the students experienced was a total sense of involvement in The Movement; and what the students felt is what the film sees.

For Newsreel is not trying to produce documentaries, nor does it want to produce art. The members of Newsreel frankly state that what they are trying to produce is "propaganda," propaganda not in the sense of something untruthful, but in the classical sense of "spreading" the faith. Wherever Newsreel works it seeks (sometimes more successfully, sometimes less) to become part of The Movement. It does not pretend to "tell it like it is," but to tell it like The Movement sees it. "Art," one member of the group once said, "is a bad word with us. We don't ask 'Is it good art?,' but 'Is it good propaganda?' "

At the University of California at Santa Cruz, the day after a showing of *Revolt at Columbia,* students blockaded Governor Ronald Reagan and the University Board of Regents in a building, presenting them with a list of four demands, and did not let them out until they had promised to deal with the students.

The film is evidently good propaganda. It is moving in a way which moves not only to sympathy, but to action; and from the point of view it chooses, it is as "true" as anything could be. Today it is propaganda. In retrospect it may be seen—to use a bad word—as art. —JOHN SPITZER

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